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September 13, 1962 25¢

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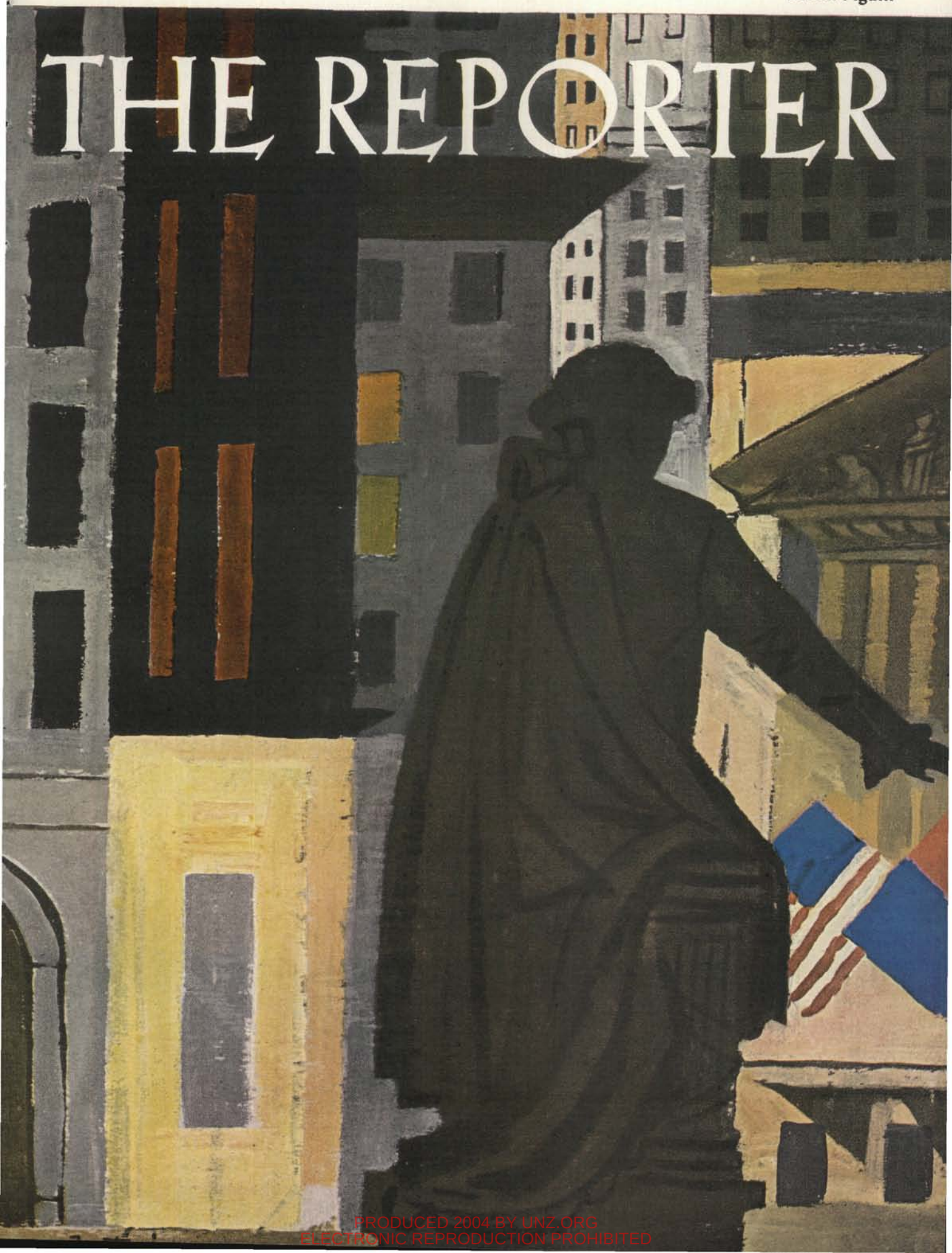

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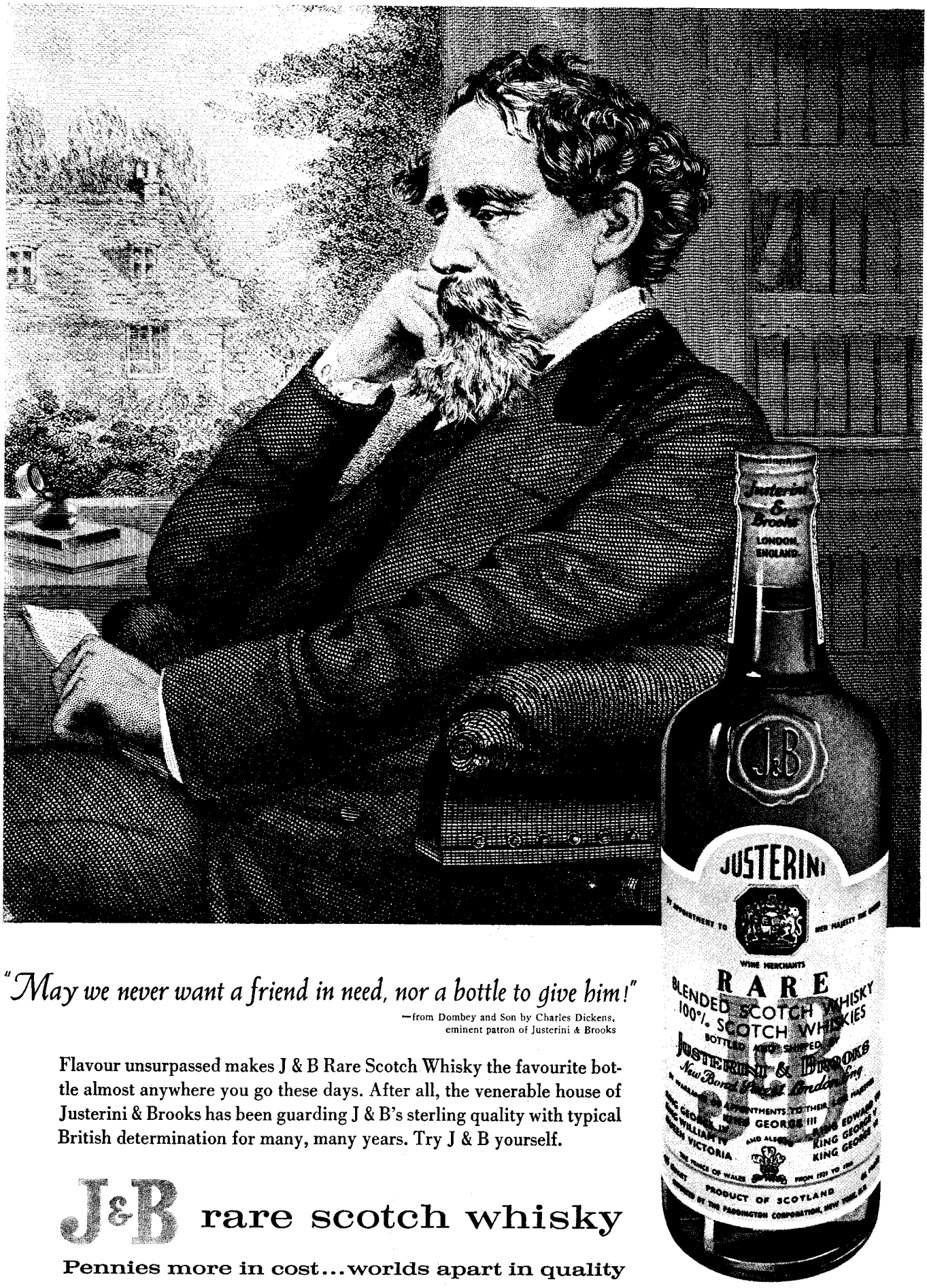

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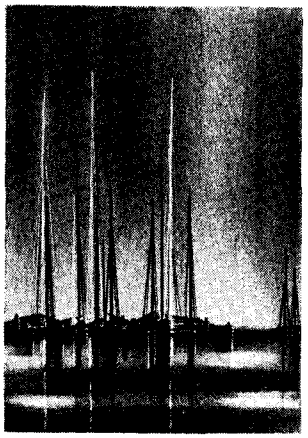

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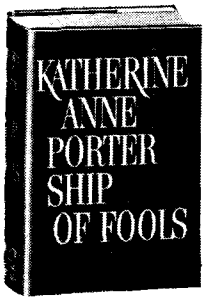

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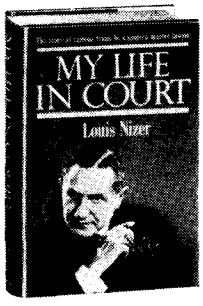

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WHO– WHAT– WHY–

OUR EDITOR, **Max Ascoli,** has just returned from Europe after his annual tour of duty. Last year he came back greatly disturbed and filled with forebodings about the Wall that had just been erected and about the general situation in Berlin. Some of our readers failed to share his views. This year he repeats the offense, and if some readers regret it he can only say that his regret is even greater. But he definitely feels that no desire to avoid alarming people can free him from his obligation to express his views on political matters. He only wishes he could give himself pleasanter assignments.

Edmond Taylor accompanied our editor on his travels through Europe and reports on the reaction in France, Germany, and Britain to the latest Berlin events. He went to Berlin as a substitute for our regular German correspondent, George Bailey, who is on vacation.

IF THERE had been a tax cut, would you have decided the time was ripe to buy a new toaster or to trade the old car in on a new one? If you run a business, would you have used the money to buy some new equipment? Curiously enough, economists representing both management and labor points of view who usually disagree—and who still disagreed about who should get the major share of tax relief—found themselves in agreement that the money put into circulation by an immediate tax cut would have given the sluggish American economy a necessary shot in the arm. Early in the summer all the columnists who profess to be in the know were predicting that it was not a question of whether there would be a cut but only of how much and who would get most of it. But the President, who is a politician rather than an economist, wasn't so sure. He said that he would study the indicators and then make a judgment. And on August 13 he went before the television cameras to announce his decision. His decision was not to make a decision, at least at this time. In this issue **Bernard D. Nossiter,** who is on the staff of the Washington *Post*, analyzes some of the pressures that produced the President's non-decision of August 13, the day taxes weren't cut. . . . Despite the fears of many of those who didn't vote for him, Mr. Kennedy has turned out to be anything but a wild-eyed radical in economic matters. His successful campaign to bolster the reputation and status of the dollar in international financial markets has reassured many bankers and financiers, and his continuing concern on that point figured heavily in the tax-cut debate. But did the desire to defend the dollar figure so heavily as to override the equally pressing need to defend the economy as a whole? These questions are examined by **M. J. Rossant,** who is on the editorial board of the New York *Times*. . . . Half the population of New Hampshire seems to be running for public office this year. The scramble to fill the vacuum left by the death of Senator Styles Bridges is described in this issue by our Washington editor, **Douglass Cater.** . . . The war in South Vietnam, in which we have been taking an increasingly active part, seems to be going somewhat better for our side. But according to **Denis Warner,** an Australian journalist, we may at best be considered to be losing more slowly; it is certainly not yet time to claim that we have started winning. . . . Telstar is the product of both governmental and private efforts; the administration satellite-communications bill was an attempt to take account of that mixed parentage in setting up a corporation to manage the electronic marvel. This sort of problem is bound to come up more and more often as government and industry co-operate in the development of new devices and techniques, but as **Philip M. Stern** points out, both the novelty and the seriousness of the problem got scant attention in the noisy filibuster staged by a handful of senators over the bill. Mr. Stern, who has had considerable experience in both the Congressional and the Executive offices of government, is now a free-lance writer in Washington.

Alfred Kazin's latest book, *Contemporaries,* was published by the Atlantic Monthly Press. . . . **Barbara Carter** and **Gouverneur Paulding** are members of our staff. . . . **Charles Edward Eaton's** fourth volume of poetry, *Countermoves*, is scheduled for publication this fall by Abelard-Schuman. . . . **John Rosselli** is on the staff of the *Guardian*. . . . **Ken Macrorie,** who sent his last contribution ("Too Many Messages," *The Reporter,* July 20, 1961) from the Midwest, came east this summer to teach at the New York State University in Buffalo. . . . **Nat Hentoff** is the author of *The Jazz Life* (Dial).

Our cover is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**

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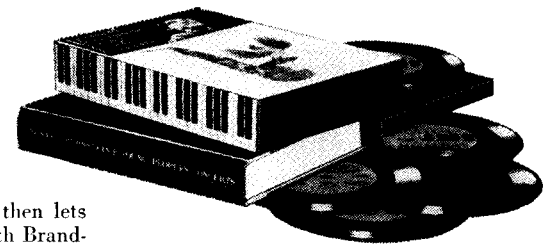

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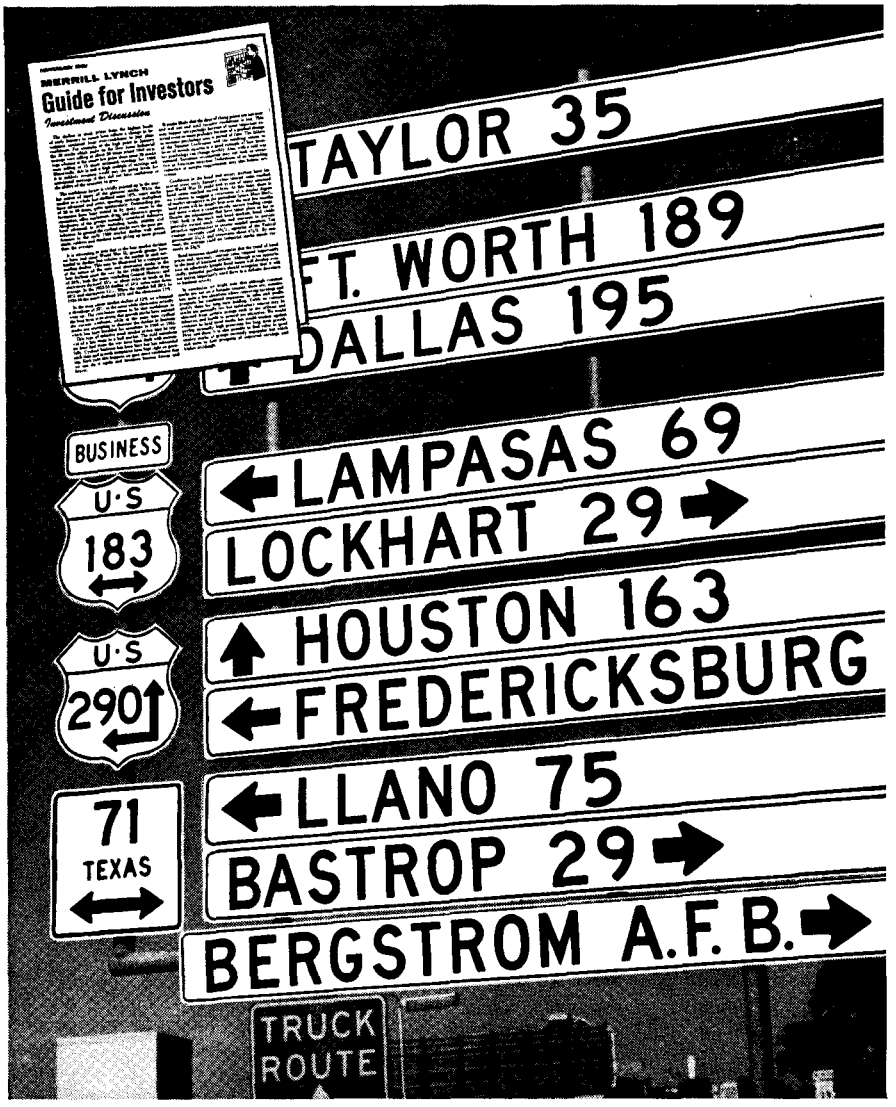

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THAT LOAN

To the Editor: Coupled with the current news about the way the previous administration catered to businessmen, especially where stockpiling was concerned, the article in the August 16 *Reporter* about the loan by the Hughes Tool Company to the brother of former Vice-President Nixon makes one wonder.

We are quick in this country to decry the brainwashing that goes on in Russia and other Communist countries; we are quick to point out that when the free flow of news is stopped or circumvented, the people are left without proper understanding and knowledge which will enable them to make up their minds. Yet on reading the story in *The Reporter* one is left in doubt whether there is that "free flow of news" we brag so much about.

It is almost shameful that this story should have been kept under cover until now. While the inference is that it was too hot to handle, or too close to election day, or the facts were too hard to get, all these reasons appear to be more like excuses.

One can conclude very easily that the real reason this story was not given widespread publicity was that the possibility of Nixon becoming President was so great; that whatever courage the newspapers might have had was drained from them because of fear of the consequences that would ensue if he won.

The Reporter is to be commended for bringing this story to the public, and I hope that it will receive widespread attention.

RUSSELL MURPHY
Boston

THE INTRUDERS

To the Editor: I hope you will forgive my intruding, but I just read Marya Mannes's piece about intrusive advertising in *The Reporter* of August 16. As the late Mrs. Alfred E. Smith is reported to have said to Marie of Romania, "Queen, you said a mouthful."

OLIVER JENSEN
New York

To the Editor: In her masterful analysis of the mass magazines' intolerable overcommercialization, Marya Mannes spoke for thousands of angry readers and disgusted ex-readers.

FORREST W. WINGATE
Centerville, Ohio

To the Editor: I can't remember when I've had anything said for me so satisfactorily and with so much pith as Marya Mannes's article "The Intruders."

IRMA A. ZINK
Washington

STAMPS

To the Editor: We were surprised and distressed to read in your magazine of July 19, Elaine Kendall's "A Timely

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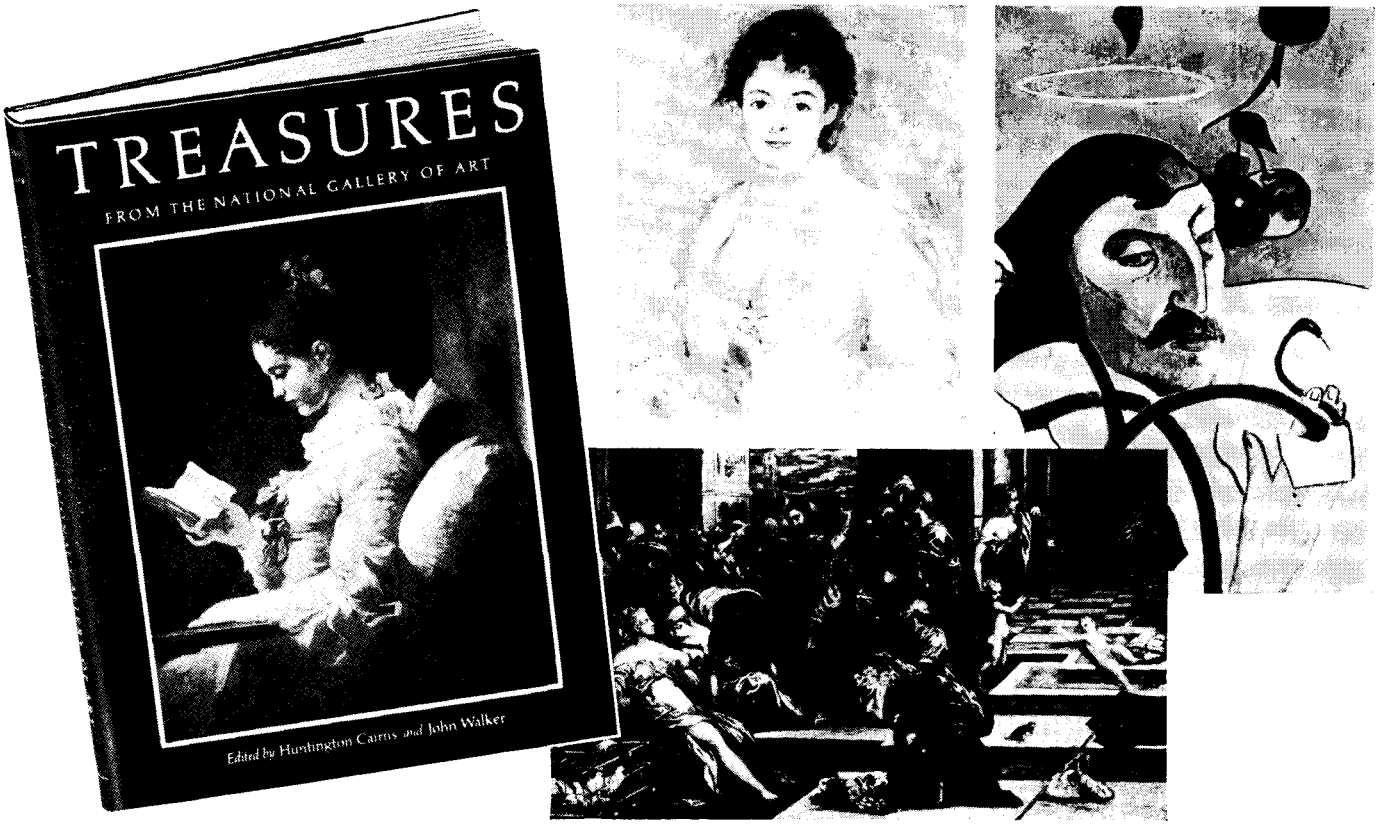

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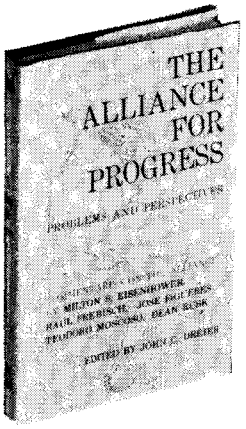

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Tale of Trading Stamps," an article marked by intense and emotional anti-trading-stamp bias.

We do not, of course, question Mrs. Kendall's right to do such a piece, or your right to print it; but it bristled with emotion-laden words such as "bondage," "razzle-dazzle" (in referring to our service), "scheme," and others designed to create atmosphere rather than thought.

Had Mrs. Kendall checked beforehand with us, some of the blatant misconceptions and errors could have been avoided, the attractiveness she appears to create for the illegal actions against our business toned down, and in general her strong anti-stamp bias brought into perspective. Specifically, this rebuttal revolves around the following:

(1) Re the exchange of stamps: S&H does permit this, particularly in group saving efforts for charitable purposes.

(2) Her friendly and sympathetic references to those few individuals who have tried to partake of the benefits of stamps without paying for the service ignore some fundamental American rights, namely the right to carry on a legitimate business, to make contracts, to be protected from unfair competition and the illegal invasion of those rights. Our business demands that we protect and honor the franchises we confer. Failure to do so would permit any retailer or so-called stamp exchange to redeem stamps at any chosen value. Concerning Mr. Berkeley and Two Guys, both parties were enjoined by the courts to refrain from anti-stamp activity. There was no "new law" as Mrs. Kendall suggests.

(3) Her statement that we redeem merchandise at value comparable to "suggested list prices" is wholly contrary to the case. The efficiencies of our distribution system and the enormous volume of what we are purchasing enable us to offer values at redemption centers comparing favorably to the best bargains found elsewhere, including discount houses.

(4) We do not enjoy a windfall in unredeemed stamps as Mrs. Kendall suggests. Rather we do everything in our power to encourage redemptions. The continual turnover every six weeks of inventory in our distribution centers and our millions of satisfied customers attest to this. As a matter of record, our own estimates and those of impartial students of the trading stamp industry, and the Federal government itself, clearly show that redemptions are running well above 95 per cent of stamps issued.

(5) Mrs. Kendall insists on viewing stamps as basically different from other promotional aids such as advertising, in-store promotions, giveaways, and premiums. They are all traffic builders, all basically designed to increase volume. People seldom get something for nothing, but the alert shopper by saving stamps can end up with something instead of nothing.

We close on this note: Well-run trad-

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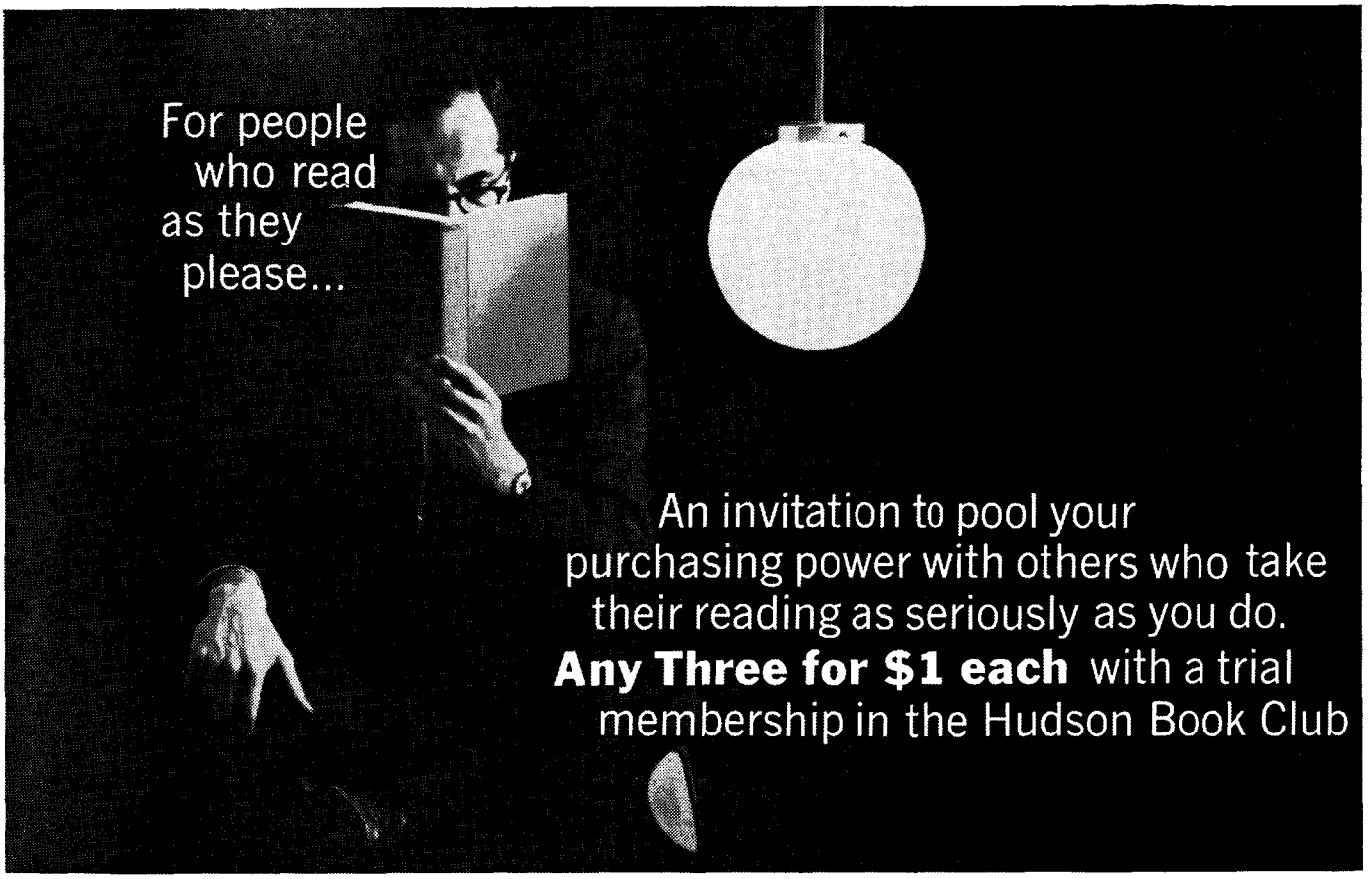
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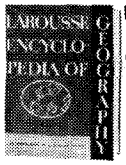

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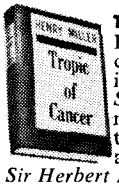

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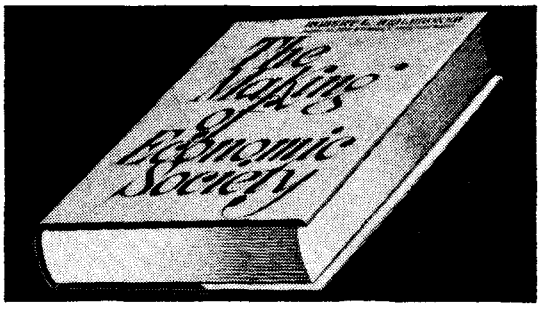

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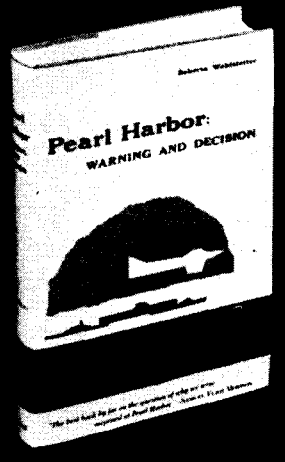

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(Mrs. Kendall informs us that she disagrees with a number of the points raised in Mr. Corona's letter but that she will content herself with having the last word on Point 4: "Five per cent of $750 million, the latest figures on total income for the entire trading-stamp industry, in which S&H is by far the largest company, is $37.5 million. This may seem a small windfall by some standards, but surely it is entitled to the name.")

WHAT'S A LIBERAL?

To the Editor: You may be interested to know that several *Reporter* readers with whom I've spoken have had identical reactions about the magazine's development. They believe, as I do, that during the past two years or so *The Reporter* has evolved from an ivory-tower preacher's platform to the nation's most effective expositor of the issues of the day. I mean no offense to your past accomplishments, but rather wish to express appreciation for your insight in clarifying the important domestic and international situations which confront us today.

One of the most gratifying things to observe is how *The Reporter* has led the trend in present liberal thought, leaving the doctrinaire liberals in the dust of stilted slogans and hollow battle cries. These liberals of yore are still fighting the now nonexistent battles of the 1930's. They have become inflexible conservatives in spite of themselves. I suspect that many of them must curse you roundly for supporting the national posture of maintaining peace through the deterrent strength of our military power. Not having learned from the history of Yalta and the postwar years, they are ready to relive the period. I trust you will continue to separate the realities of maintaining man's freedom and dignity from the formula wishful thinking of doctrinaires of all hues.

The need for espousing a meaningful approach to liberalism is shown by evidence that a very broad potential base for this force exists in many small towns across the country as well as in large cities. Communications, travel, education, and economics have made very many of these formerly provincial communities more cosmopolitan than most big-city residents imagine. What more fertile seedbed for liberalism can we hope for?

ALBERT J. FORMAN
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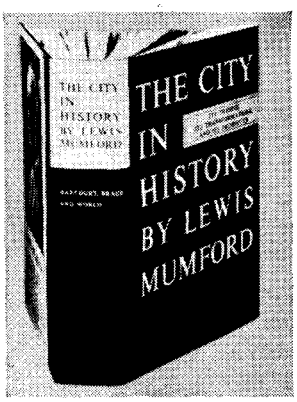

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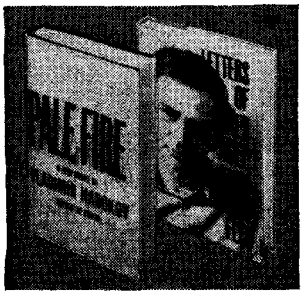

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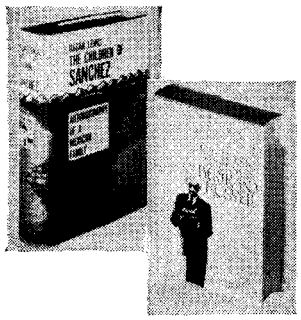

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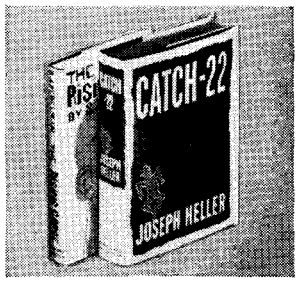

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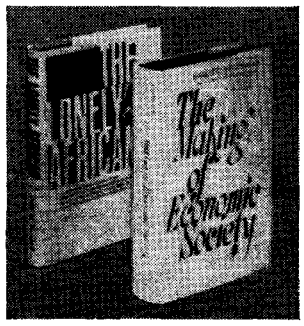

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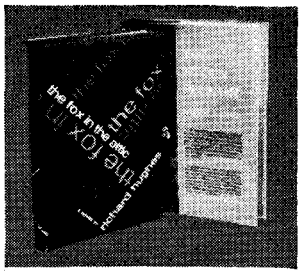

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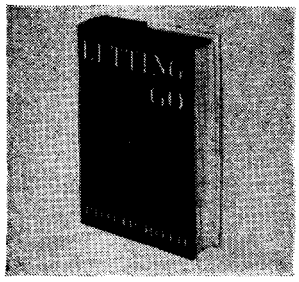

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Our Judges

There is nothing more uniquely American than our great judges, nothing that shows so well our institutions and our national character. Maybe these men are too good for us; but since our Presidents, for many reasons of their own, have kept on appointing to the Supreme Court men who in the performance of their duty have sustained an unexcelled tradition of wisdom and rightness throughout our history, then it must mean that there is something fine and noble in this American stuff. In the history of every nation that is a nation and has a history there are plenty of statesmen, empire builders, or discoverers of spiritual realms. But our great judges are something so supremely of this land that sometimes in trying to define the worth of men who have reached greatness in other fields of endeavor, one thinks of them as judges. Henry Stimson, for instance, or George Marshall.

It is good to think of this American tradition when one considers the role that Felix Frankfurter has played and that now Arthur Goldberg is called upon to play. One, as we all know, was born in Vienna. The second happened to be American by birth, the last of eleven children, two of whom were born in Russia. There could be no more eloquent evidence that what is best in America is not the prerogative of any race or creed but rather a human attitude that finds in our traditions and in our institutions the best possible setting for its full development.

It is difficult to think of an American more naturally suited to be a Supreme Court justice than the immigrant Felix Frankfurter. He has worked so well, so hard on the bench that the contemplation of the record he has established assuages the regret over his stepping down. It is enough of a record to make several men proud. A justice like Mr. Frankfurter, with his interpretation of the law, his writing of opinions, his making of decisions, has established a sort of narrow, highly specialized immortality.

What judges like him have made remains and grows in the thinking and action of men for time to come. The career of Justice Frankfurter is a particularly enlightening evidence of how freedom can be practiced. Throughout his life, he has been a stern opponent of any unchecked use of power. That is why he used to be called a liberal. But when, as a judge, he endeavored to check the judicial power of the Court, he came to be called a conservative. With all due respect for the high priests both of liberalism and conservatism, in the case of a man like Mr. Justice Frankfurter these labels could not mean less. Throughout his life he has been a free man.

He will now be succeeded on the bench by another man who, we are sure, will give equal evidence of his workmanlike devotion to freedom. Arthur Goldberg needs and deserves the bench as much as the bench needs and deserves him. He is blessed and cursed by that eclectic capacity to get quickly on top of difficulties of all sorts which is called by a rather dubious term: brilliance.

Arthur Goldberg had been given so many different assignments by the Kennedy administration, some well beyond the realm of the Department of Labor, that he was running the danger of becoming Mr. Fixit. He is much more than that. There is soundness and wisdom in him and in the ideas he has been expressing about the social order, and we have no doubt that the best that is in him will keep growing in the quiet discipline of the Court.

In fact, we are so much in favor of Arthur Goldberg's appointment that we like to think the President did not give much weight to the consideration of his religion. We are accustomed to the balanced ticket in Tammany or anti-Tammany politics, but we hate to see any extension beyond that.

On this point, we are happy to quote what was said lately, in not very judicious language but with sound sense, by David Dubinsky on the issue of union leadership: "I'll be damned if I will support the idea of the professional Negro, the professional Jew, the professional Italian, that a man should be a union officer because of his race, color, or creed."

—M. A.

Passmanizing Foreign Aid

The House of Representatives is girding for its annual fight over foreign-aid funds. With his usual acerbity, Congressman Otto E. Passman (D., Louisiana), the Appropriations subcommittee chairman for these funds, told his fellow members the other day that it didn't really matter if they acted this year, since sufficient money had already been appropriated to operate the program "for twenty-five painful and expensive months for the overburdened U.S. taxpayers." (Mr. Passman's statistics never bear any relation to those of the Agency for International Development officials.)

As evidence of his diligence, Passman has published in three great volumes the record of his subcommittee's hearings. Much has been deleted, according to those who attended, including some of the chairman's unbridled views on various persons in Congress and out who support the aid program. Still, it is possible to capture the smell of these closed-door proceedings. At the very outset, while Secretary of State Dean Rusk waited to testify, Passman read aloud a news story which claimed, tongue in cheek, that he was softening his hostility toward

(Continued on Page 16)

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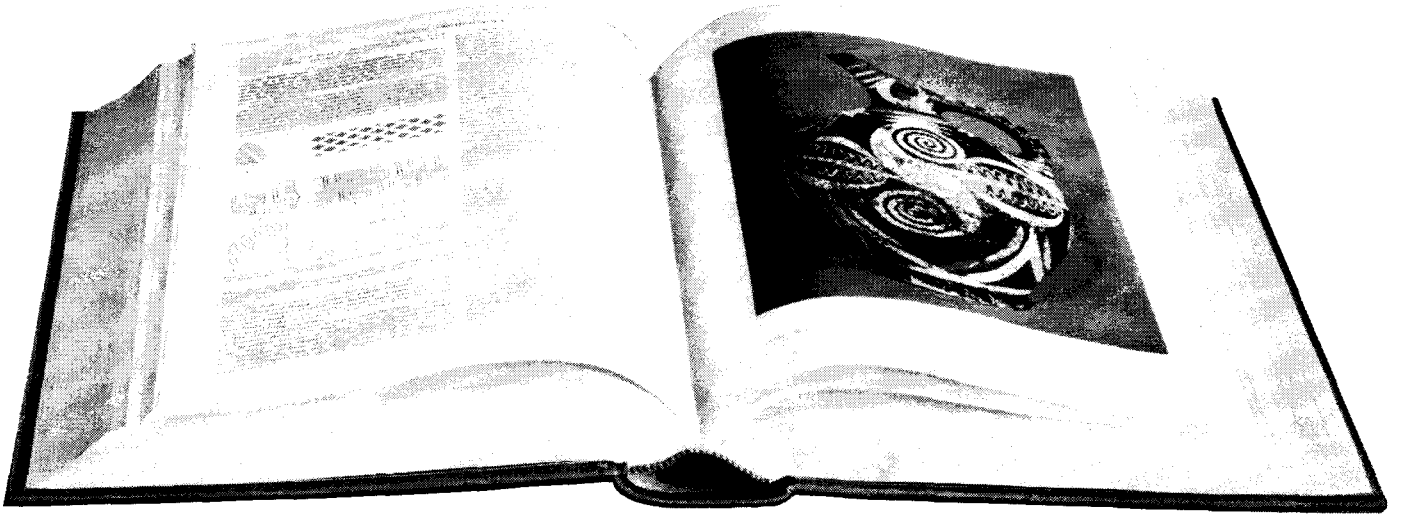

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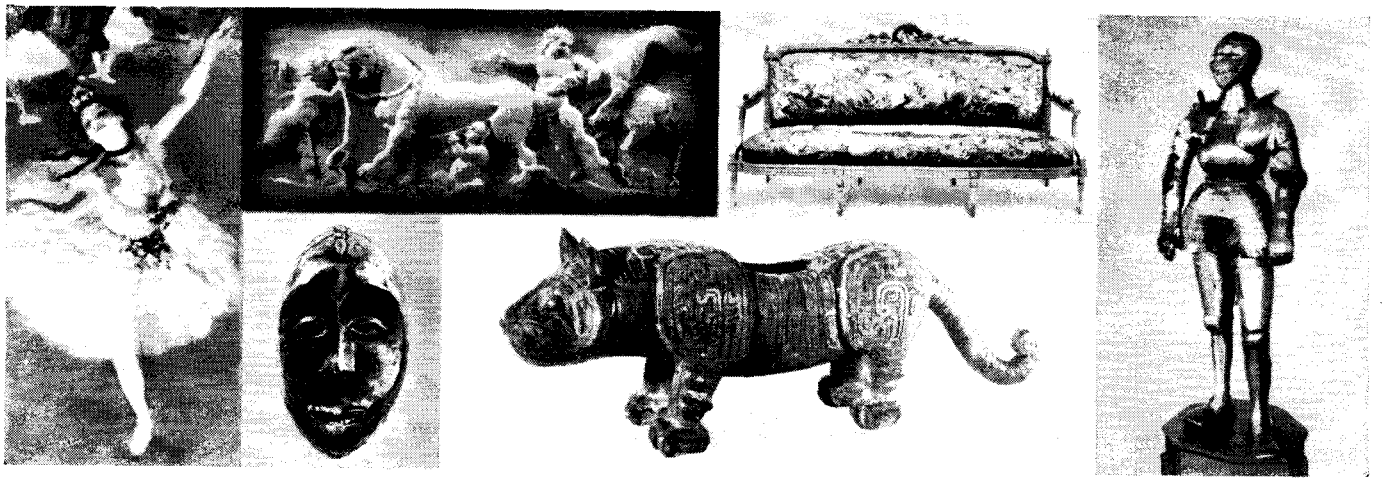

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the program. Last year, it seems, he had labelled it "idiotic," earlier this year "asinine," more recently "preposterous." Passman assured the committee that he had not authorized this interpretation.

The hearings smell more of an inquisition than of a sober, intelligent effort to get at the troublesome problems of foreign aid. Passman shows himself obsessed with minutiae but little concerned with trying to understand the facts and fallacies of economic development. Monopolizing the questioning, he sounds like a man who is convinced that he is talking to a pack of congenital liars. One AID official, Edmond C. Hutchinson, assistant administrator for the Africa-Europe Bureau, was kept on the witness stand for seventeen days and one night over a five-week period. Four days were consumed on the Cameroons alone. Poor Hutchinson, who joined the agency only last December, has spent almost as much time in defending the program as he has in trying to manage it.

The Communicators

More than a century ago, when Henry David Thoreau was apprised of the prospective construction of a magnetic telegraph between Maine and Texas, he commented caustically, ". . . but Maine and Texas, it may be, have nothing important to communicate." It came to mind the other day when we read that pneumatic tubes are to be constructed, at a cost of $300,000, between the White House and the State Department. They will handle bulk transmittals of documents supplementing a high-speed Teletype circuit recently completed which is already rushing the communiqués back and forth.

Certainly, the State Department and the White House have many important matters to communicate to each other. But we can't help wondering what will be the end result of all this quickening and thickening of communication. It threatens to reach incredible proportions. The Department of De-

BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW

Have you ever heard
Of the Featherbird?
He's the fellow who's out on a limb:
The fourth in a crew who has nothing to do
But sit all the way and get co-pilot pay—
That's him.

Do you know how
To get milk without cow?
Well, in England some scientists do:
It's nettles they need and some cabbage weed
And they crush and they mush till it's liquid and lush—
(Phew!)

Oh say can you see
What democracy
Has to do with Ben Bellas and Tshombes?
The headlines are full of high-sounding bull
From bullies and bums and little Tom Thumbs
And zombies.

Well, people, that's
The world of ersatz—
Or how to make seem what is not:
A job without work and a hero who's jerk
And the milk without moo and the truth that's not true—
So what?

—SEC

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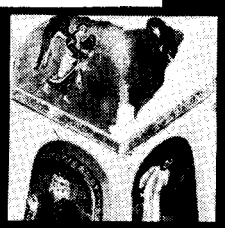

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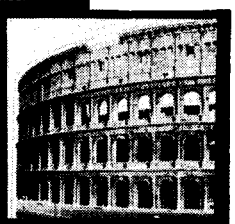

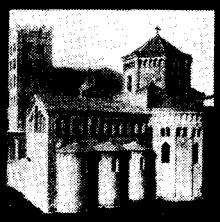

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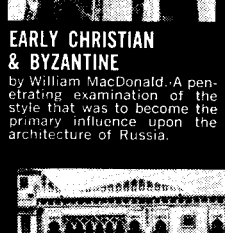

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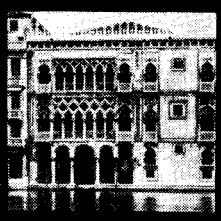

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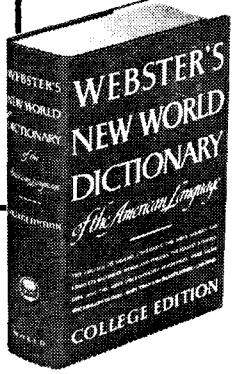

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fense has developed near-instantaneous hook-ups with its bases around the world, using marvelous devices that can scramble and unscramble the human voice so that it is unintelligible to the eavesdropper. State Department officials complain that they lack funds to build a comparable network and that it puts them at a definite disadvantage. It is possible, for example, for Washington to establish contact in an instant with the Pentagon's outpost in Panama. But to reach the U.S. embassy only a block away takes considerably more time. Knowledge, they say, is power, and even a split-second beat on some far-off happening provides a form of one-upsmanship for the Secretary of Defense over the Secretary of State.

The trouble is that none of these weird and wonderful communications devices has a self-censoring mechanism for making sure that the facts and ideas it transmits are essential to anyone's knowledge. Indeed, the sheer capacity of the machine encourages the communicator to be long-winded.

No doubt, there are good and sufficient reasons for having a pneumatic tube between Foggy Bottom and the White House. But our mind's eye conjures up visions of how there will be temptation to overload the traffic. As documents, cables, special reports and the rest pile up in the White House, there will naturally be a need for more assistants to read, sift, and digest.

One Kennedy staffer has remarked recently about White House relations with the great Executive bureaucracy, "There used to be competition not to tell us things; now there is competition to tell us things." This may be well and good. But being told too much can be a problem too.

GENEVA

We state; they negate.
They accuse; we refuse.
We concede; they recede.
They decry; we deny.
We propose; they oppose.
They test; we protest.
What score? Battledore,
Shuttlecock; deadlock.

—SEC

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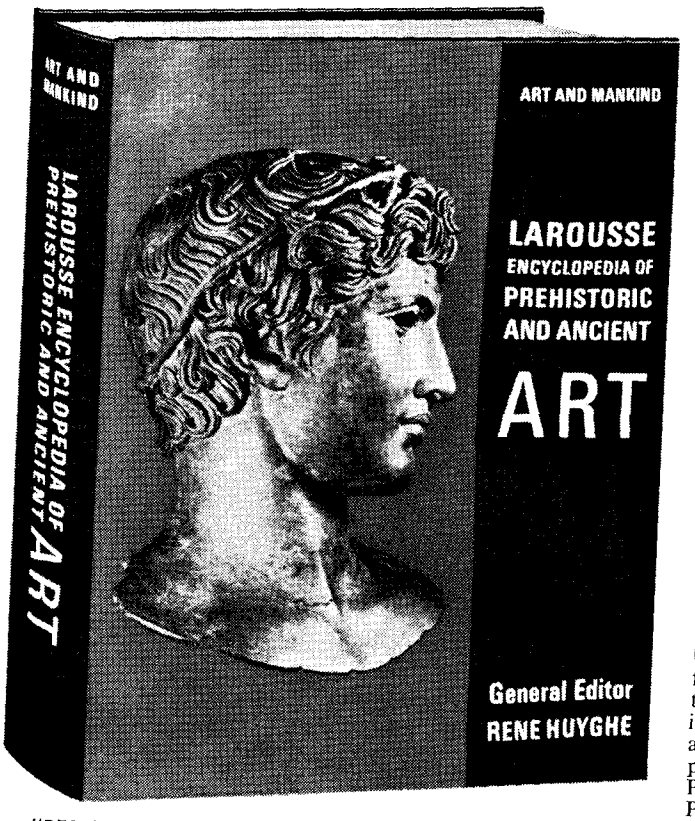

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MAX ASCOLI

Back from Europe

MAYBE never before has this yearly pilgrim to the major capitals of Western Europe found so much relief in being a part-time tourist. Just looking at the flow of the great rivers that have made Europe, one slowly regains a sense of release after tense hours spent talking politics. This year an inquiring writer who visits men in positions of great responsibility has little opportunity to question them about the trend of political affairs in their countries or within the Alliance. Rather, he is asked about American politics and policies. The interviewer is interviewed. A private American citizen is asked for opinions he has already put in print on the very subjects under discussion. The hard test comes here, particularly for one who has been occasionally critical of the administration and now finds himself attempting to rationalize his government's policies. There are moments in these dialogues when communication is maintained or even strengthened by a long silence.

There is anxiety in European capitals about our country, an anxiety differing in intensity according to various national temperaments and occasionally reaching fits of anguish in the countries most exposed to Russian aggression. Sometimes it comes from oversensitivity, sometimes from the administration's failure to explain to the allies measures it has taken that are of definite allied concern. The list of European qualms or, if one wants, gripes is very long and thoroughly known. One does not need to go to Europe to learn that our U.N. policy is thoroughly bewildering there, or that the support given by the administration to Indonesian imperialism is found rather revolting all over the Continent, and not just in Holland.

In fact, not much that is new can be gathered by going from one country or one continent to another: one has the feeling of never having left home. The playfulness of the New Frontiersmen, their addiction to larks and practical jokes, are subjects of lively conversation in Milan as in San Francisco and make the front page just about the same day. All is published, all is known that has happened or that might have happened on both sides of the ocean. All is known about us, except the essential: the overriding, ultimate aims of our government. Yet speeches, speeches, speeches are made on this very subject. It is the Alliance, it is also the U.N., and "interdependence"—one does not know whether interallied, world-wide, or cosmic.

It is as if we had taken over from Russia the role of the sphinx—a chatty, sometimes prankish, sometimes preacherish sphinx, that does not impose any cruel riddle on anybody, but whose behavior is in itself a riddle. There is nothing mysterious or sphinxlike any longer about Russia. Khrushchev has been stating over and over again with merciless pedantry what he wants. He only wants peace—his peace. And he wants the world. Of course he keeps secrecy inside Russia, but there is no mystery about his ambitions outside. Exactly the opposite can be said of our country. Everything is known about us, all the trivia of our national life is blown up by dazzling publicity. Yet we are an enigma in other people's minds and our constantly proclaimed aims are so lofty that it is as difficult for other people to take them seriously as it is for us to live up to them.

IT WOULD BE FOOLISH to attribute to the present administration the sole responsibility for the uneasiness about us abroad. This uneasiness is perhaps greater in Europe than anywhere else for two reasons, one very old and one very new. Europe is our past, but in the last few years it has also become our future. Europe is now reshaping itself into a formidable supranational entity, of which the ultimate forms cannot possibly be defined or foreseen but which is, nevertheless, an irreversible reality. It is, in some aspects, similar to us to the point of being our caricature, in that process

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vulgarly called Americanization that goes from the uniform passion for gadgets to eating or drinking habits. On the other hand, it is immensely different from us; for whatever political unity it may achieve, the impetus for this creativeness has come not from any constitutional design but from a massive effort to produce and distribute more and more things for the satisfaction of the producers' ever-increasing ambitions and needs. This used to be America, but by now Europe has become so much our future that the President has sent explorers there to learn what the Europeans are doing in the field that used to be supremely ours.

For all its similarities and all its differences from us, Europe is part of us, and we of it. Together, we are the West; the complex of political institutions and economic creativeness which, no matter how brutally copied in the East, is still the only civilization shaping the world. Something, however, has happened to our relations with Europe that can best be described by comparing it to the evolution of our economy. Just as the control of wealth has become largely disassociated from ownership, so the power of our country has come to be a decisive, controlling force acting upon peoples far beyond the boundaries of the American Republic. In other words, though we have a legitimate title to our might, its assemblage and eventual use affect and depend upon a far larger constituency than the American electorate. These are the peoples who share our ideals, contribute to our might, and who could be immensely damaged should our wisdom fail us. In the same way, our nation has legitimate title to its wealth; yet, should this wealth be squandered, should our dollar be mishandled, inordinate suffering would be imposed on Americans and non-Americans. In all truth, title aside, our nation administers a prodigious amount of might and wealth that does not belong to us alone.

Now another giant power has emerged in Europe. Again, as it has happened in our capitalistic system, whenever competition among giants has been beneficial to the economy as a whole, competition has occurred. It is what, in the language of the economists, is called oligopoly. The very power that Europe has been able to develop is leading to the organization of an inter-European political and economic entity, both independent of us and vitally related to us. The comparison with economics, however, must stop here. The bond between our country and the new Europe is both older and stronger than our common opposition to Communism. It is based on ethical values we share, on beliefs that have made and sustained the unity of the West. This unity, like the one that Europe is tumultuously gaining, cannot possibly be codified in all-embracing, rigorously defined institutions. The roots of its being can only lie in reciprocal confidence.

It is a comparative lack of confidence in our country, or rather in its leadership of the Alliance, that one can find these days across the Atlantic. There are worries, apprehensions—sometimes anxieties—coming from the fear that our administration may be either indecisive or rash in the use of the might and the wealth it controls. Certainly our country has inflicted on Europe a surfeit of exhortations to unite. But has there been also an adequate realization that, to be truly beneficial to all, this unity demands a considerable degree of independence of us, and sometimes even of opposition to us? Lately, there has been too much messing around in internal European politics on the part of official, unofficial, or self-appointed representatives of our government, too open a tendency to favor a different set of rulers for certain European nations, and to consider two major European statesmen as senile delinquents. This messing around, this mixture of arrogance and playfulness, on the part of young and not so young men enjoying a free ride on power, has notably contributed to make us appear to our best European friends as a sphinx—a sphinx without enigma.

This is not a pleasant phase in the life of the Alliance, but if there is enough wisdom and decisiveness on both sides of the Atlantic it will pass. The occasion that will make it pass is just a few days, or a few weeks ahead. And we all know its name and its place. Berlin. It is not a place of our choosing. Khrushchev chose it, to test our will and break the bond between the new Europe and ourselves. He has been saying for about four years what he wants to do, perhaps with the thought of so unnerving and inuring us with his constant threat as to find us divided and jittery at the hour of ultimate consummation. That hour is upon us.

Sometimes immensely complex issues all of a sudden become simplified to the essential, reduced to the size of a human person, to a point where a passing episode acquires the clarity of eternity. This took place recently in Berlin when that boy lay dying for one hour a few yards away from the western sector while American troops looked on and an American officer failed to send him a doctor to relieve his pain or a chaplain to bring him the Cross.

I arrived in Germany three days after that death. Everything has been said about it, but what that agony did and is doing no one can describe or analyze. It is as if it were still going on. So many young men are butchered every day everywhere, so many victims of Communism and of other forms of brutality. But that young man happened to die in a setting that defies oblivion. It is this way, once in a million times, that a victim of injustice becomes a martyr.

We Americans never stop preaching about the sanctity of the human person, and the extraordinary thing is that deep inside we believe in it. Now the test is coming when we can no longer act as if the death of that young man, indeed the fate of the East Germans, were no business of ours.

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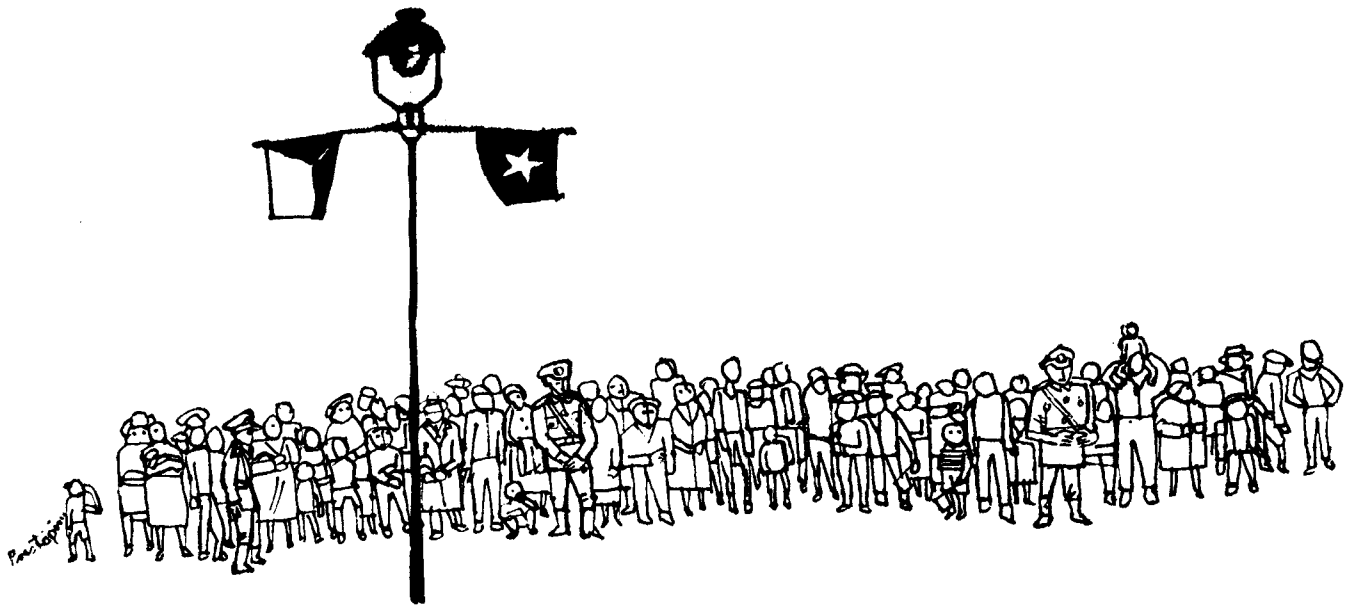

The Forbidden City

EDMOND TAYLOR

WEST BERLIN

"IF THERE IS one lesson to be drawn from the latest Moscow decision on Berlin," *Le Monde* wrote after the Soviets abolished their military command in the eastern sector of the city, "it is the urgent need for the western powers to cease standing motionless on positions that are being undermined a little more every day. It is high time they regain the initiative. They should reply to the latest Soviet proposals with counter-proposals which take into account the new realities of the situation—and not only those favorable to Moscow." Even the *Times* of London advised supplementing diplomacy at the next emergency along the Berlin wall with "first aid squads, smoke grenades, and brisk bursts of covering fire."

Quotations of this nature—they could easily be multiplied—reflect a growing conviction on this side of the Atlantic that western policymakers should take greater account of the real elements of strength inherent in our seemingly precarious foothold in Berlin.

The key factor in the developing Berlin crisis today is the steady worsening of the politico-economic situation in East Germany. George Bailey's *Reporter* articles over the last two years demonstrate that this is not exactly a "new reality," but the German Democratic Republic's continuing economic decline during the past twelve months has a special significance.

WHEN the Berlin wall started to go up on August 13, 1961, it not only stopped the flow of refugees that was draining away the very substance of East Germany but dealt a blow to West German morale that many feared might prove fatal. The immediate effect was to heighten Walter Ulbricht's prestige inside the East German Communist Party, to consolidate the shaky authority of the state, and to make a number of East Germans resign themselves to living indefinitely in a vast concentration camp. Eventually, however, the Berlin wall turned into a grave political liability. This spring, meat and potatoes, which in recent years had been freely available, were put back on the East German ration list. Shortly afterward Bruno Leuschner, East German deputy president for economic questions, glumly announced that in the first five months of 1962 meat production had fallen 34,200 tons short of the figure for the first four months of the previous year. Butter was down 237,000 tons over the shorter period last year, while the production of eggs dropped off by no less than 210 million units.

"You see," one American expert explained to me, "Ulbricht used to be able to blame all the East Zone's economic difficulties on the mass exodus of East German workers and

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specialists through West Berlin. By plugging the Berlin escape hatch he has deprived himself of his best alibi for failure just when he needed it the most. Economic conditions have gotten much worse in East Germany, especially in the last few weeks, mainly as a result of the farm crisis that prevails throughout the Communist world. It is particularly noticeable in East Germany, where the determined enforcement of collectivization is quite recent and is proving even more disastrous than elsewhere. The result is that the party cadres are demoralized and Ulbricht's prestige has fallen close to zero in the minds of his own henchmen."

MY INFORMANT was particularly well placed to discern current political and psychological trends behind the wall. He was Robert Lochner, director of RIAS, the U.S. government-controlled radio and TV station in West Berlin, which over the years has established a unique relationship with its millions of listeners in the East Zone. The eight hundred or more letters that RIAS gets every month from East Germany, despite tightened censorship and police terrorism since the wall went up, are in themselves an indication of the continuing disaffection of the East German masses. And as Lochner pointed out, the fact that some two hundred of these letters are blatantly addressed to RIAS and mailed directly from postboxes in East Berlin or the East Zone suggests that there are singularly few party fanatics among East German postal employees.

"The fact is," Lochner said, "the East Germans, contrary to what was expected when the wall went up, are not trying to accommodate themselves to the régime. Anti-régime feeling grows steadily in the East Zone. One illustration of this is the extraordinarily high percentage of Vopos, the East German police, among the defectors who succeed in making it across the wall. Few of them are particularly sensitive or intelligent young men, but they are human after all, and they become demoralized by the hate that surrounds them, especially when they visit their home towns. I like to think our special programs for the Vopos encourage a few defections, but the decisive influence is the folks back home. 'The girls won't dance with us'—that's the reason most often cited by the young Vopos who come across to explain why they risked their lives."

Among the 12,300 East Germans who escaped to the West since the construction of the wall, approximately 1,000 were Vopos, and the percentage of military or militia defections seems to be rising. It was also considered highly significant that forty-one of the five-hundred-man hand-picked East German delegation to the Communist-sponsored World Youth Festival in Helsinki last month defected to the West.

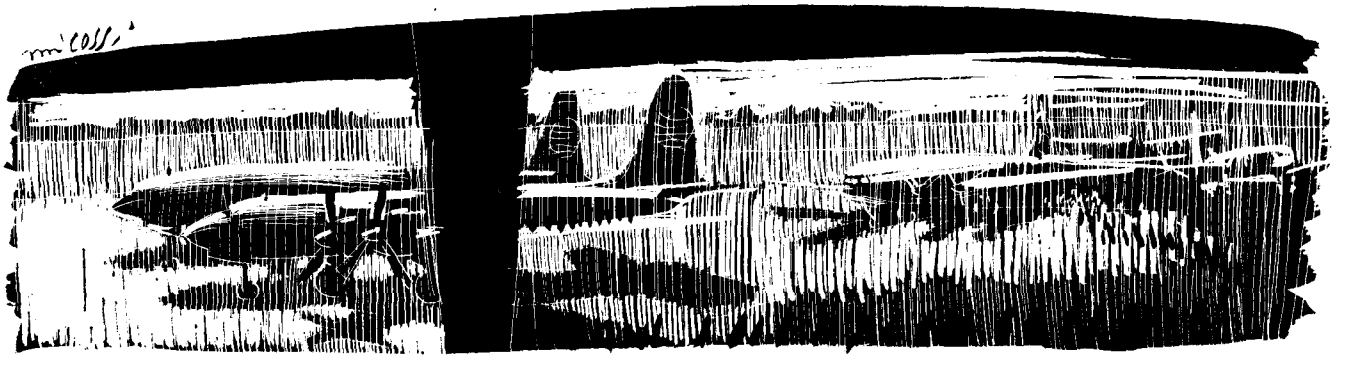
'What Is There to Discuss?'

Few if any of the American or European specialists on East Germany believe that a revolutionary collapse of the Ulbricht régime will occur spontaneously or in the near future. But the predominant view is that the seemingly incurable wasting disease that afflicts the country worries Khrushchev more than the danger of a mass uprising like the one in Hungary. The worse conditions get, the more Khrushchev will have to worry about and, presumably, the more anxious he will become to eliminate at least the external strains upon the Democratic Republic.

The French are particularly anxious to avoid negotiating within such a narrow frame of reference that discussion will be limited to how much the West is willing to give up. "What is there to discuss," asked Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville during a press conference in Oslo, "if the only question is whether or not western troops are going to stay in Berlin? In our view, what is needed is a discussion of the Berlin problem in its whole context among the four big powers—America, Britain, France, and Russia."

The idea has been widely discussed that it might be advantageous to dangle the prospect of economic relief for East Germany in return for a satisfactory permanent accord on the status of West Berlin. Chancellor Adenauer himself adopted this approach in suggesting informally that the East German trade proposals of last February might be taken into consideration if the Communists would tear down the wall and pledge themselves not to obstruct traffic between West Germany and West Berlin.

But Adenauer's suggestion infuriated the East German authorities, thereby scotching for the time being any chance for liberalizing trade between the two Germanys. When publicized and supported by RIAS, it also infuriated anti-Communist listeners in the East Zone. For some time the station was deluged with indignant letters from East Germany asking whether both RIAS and Dr. Adenauer had not gone out of their minds in thus proposing to prop up Ulbricht when his hold was slipping. Most realistic French and German observers consider that the minimal political basis for any durable accord on Ber-



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lin other than a straight western capitulation implies what Franz Thedieck, state secretary of the West German Ministry of All-German Affairs, in a recent press statement termed "a decisive change in political condi-

tions" in East Germany and East Berlin. Thedieck presumably had in mind the elimination of Ulbricht as well as Ulbricht's wall and the belated de-Stalinization of East Germany—something that Khrushchev should be interested in.

The fundamental issue underlying any solution to the Berlin problem is the capacity of the East German régime to become less cruel toward its subjects. Obviously the questions of western access to West Berlin and of permanent guaranties for the city's freedom must be settled, and no doubt any settlement will imply some measure of western recognition of the German Democratic Republic in return; but unless the pressures on the East German régime are reduced from within as well as from without, no purely diplomatic formula can permanently relieve the tension.

Boom Town

In sealing off their sector of the city, the Communists hoped that West Berlin would wither away. But far from withering, West Berlin is blooming more vigorously than ever. The chatter of pneumatic drills is the basic rhythm of West Berlin as in Manhattan—the clatter of a city growing so fast it has little time to sleep. Economically West Berlin continues to grow at a faster rate than even West Germany. Despite an acute manpower shortage since the wall cut off the commuting labor force from the east, West Berlin increased its sales to West Germany during the first six months of this year by five per cent over the same period last year. Production of consumer goods increased by seven per cent, and iron and steel products by eighteen per cent.

East Berliners can watch the forbidden city of their dreams grow before their eyes. As long as this remains true, nothing will ever resign them to their fate. The unsettling impact of West Berlin's continued prosperity and dynamism on the East Berlin population is projected deep into the heart of East Germany by the West Berlin radio and TV stations, especially RIAS. Owing to the heavy concentration of population in the Berlin metropolitan area, RIAS television programs reach the screens of a substantial percentage of the East German families. The Berlin area is the only spot behind the Iron Curtain where western TV programs are watched daily by hundreds of thousands. Unless RIAS is forbidden to transmit any image of social, political, or economic life in West Berlin, these images will be picked up behind the wall and will continue to have a profound effect on those who see them.

To save East Germany, Khrushchev must insist on strangling West Berlin —otherwise he will have to fire Ulbricht and so soften the régime that the wall can be torn down without starting a new mass exodus. If the West were to acquiesce to the strangling of West Berlin, it could turn the city into a new Budapest—which would be a good way to lose a war but not necessarily to avoid one.

The Death of a Boy

Riotous crowds were surging around the Tempelhof Airfield when I flew into West Berlin. The demonstrations after a young man trying to escape from the east was shot down within a few feet of his goal and allowed to die there were undoubtedly marked by traces of hysterical emotionalism born of frustration, by cynical calculation on the part of some minority political elements, and above all by the emergence for the first time in many years of an anti-western nationalist neutralism that recalls certain neo-Nazi trends in the early 1950's.

The most satisfactory formulation of this basically irresponsible viewpoint was furnished by an editorial comment on the riots in the *Berliner Montags-Echo*. "It takes a lot of arrogance and ignorance," the paper said, "to overlook what a dangerous psychological change is under way in Berlin these days. Unrest and distrust are growing daily. German-American Volkfests are no substitute for the Berliner's fading confidence in the Kennedy administration." The tone of the editorial was all the more significant because the *Montags-Echo* is affiliated with the nationalistic Free German Party, which is showing itself an increasingly restive member of the Bonn government coalition. Despite all such ominous undercurrents, level-headed eyewitnesses of the disturbances feel that they represented in the main a healthy reaction on the part of the Berlin masses against recent errors of western leadership—to a considerable degree the local leadership.

As the *Kölnische Rundschau* put it, the Berlin demonstrations might not have gotten so badly out of hand if responsible authorities in the city had taken the people more into their confidence. Even Mayor Willy Brandt, usually so sensitive to the mood of West Berlin, seems, under

heavy allied pressure, to have erred in trying to discourage any public commemoration protests, however restrained, on the August 13 anniversary of the wall. This psychological blunder set off the disorders, but failures of leadership and judgment on the part of U.S. representatives in Berlin, both military and civilian, were mainly to blame for

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the ugly turn they eventually took.

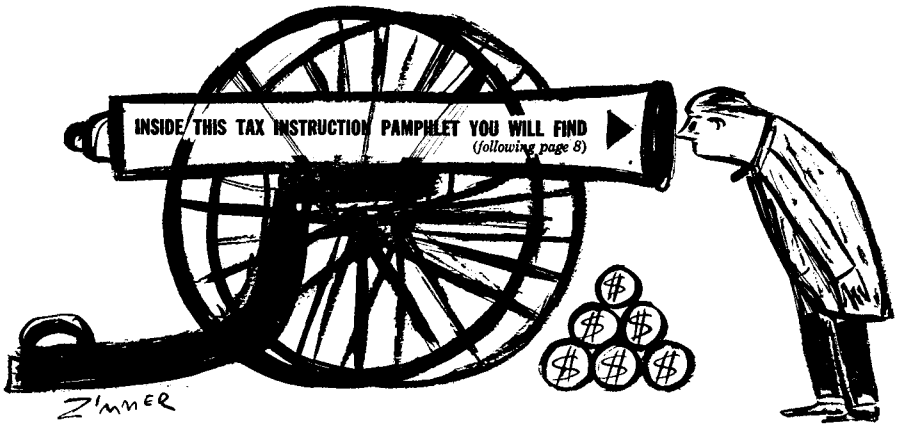
In the minds of thousands of Berliners, it was not an eighteen-year-old East German who lay bleeding to death as the U.S. Army looked on. It was "new evidence of how we can rely on the Americans," said a letter from a reader to the *Bildzeitung* that put into words the emotional reaction to the incident throughout much of Western Europe. "How long will it last until they let us all bleed to death?"

The pro-Christian Democratic *Kurier* argued that "Whoever for humanly understandable reasons gives vent to indignation against the Americans is playing Khrushchev's game without knowing it." But the same editorial continued: "That is one side; the other is a solemn warning to the U.S. that an apparent policy of wait and see includes considerable risks. Harsher measures of the kind taken by General Clay after August 13 [1961] are needed. U.S. policy is challenged and thoroughly tested daily. It is sheer negligence when Washington fails to see this context clearly."

An American who knows Berlin thoroughly put it this way: "I would say that the demonstrations were primarily against certain illusions that Washington had about the Berlin situation. One of the most dangerous was the idea of solving the Berlin problem by making West Berlin into a politically neutral culture city. The West Berliners' rejection of the culture-city concept gives an indication of how difficult it would be to impose on them the substitution of the United Nations for the three-power military occupation that some British and American circles favor. Violent resistance, in which the West Berlin population would undoubtedly be strongly supported by the West German government and people, could be expected if the attempt to impose the U.N. solution were made."

THE West Berliners have made it clear that they refuse to become political eunuchs no matter how pampered. What they want from Washington is not more theaters or art galleries but a firmer, clearer political will. And like all the rest of free Europe, they want to have a voice in determining their own destiny.

AT HOME & ABROAD



The Day Taxes Weren't Cut

BERNARD D. NOSSITER

WASHINGTON ECONOMIC HISTORIANS may look back at the summer of 1962 in wonder and disbelief. The U.S. Chamber of Commerce and the AFL-CIO were lobbying for more or less the same goal, an immediate and substantial tax cut that would deliberately increase the budget deficit, and most economists, including those in the President's own entourage, agreed with them. There was, of course, strong disagreement over whose taxes were to be reduced. Labor wanted the cuts in the bottom brackets, to spur consumer spending by the lowest income groups, and it also wanted the cuts made on a temporary basis so that reduced government revenues could not be made an excuse later to choke off Federal spending. The Chamber wanted the cuts concentrated in the upper brackets and in business taxes to stimulate savings and investment, and it wanted the cuts made permanent to act as a clamp on Federal spending and to head off any effort to close tax loopholes, a move that Secretary of the Treasury Douglas Dillon had threatened for next year. Moreover, while organized labor was solidly for a tax cut, the business community was not. Those industrialists who oppose the idea that the government should exercise any influence over the nation's economy were against any action.

Nevertheless, there was a remarkable consensus among the central interest groups and a wide range of less partisan economists that the economy had been more or less stagnant for several years, that the fifth postwar recession could well be around the corner, and that taxes should be cut promptly to provide more funds to stimulate an increase in demand.

At this point, two months after Mr. Kennedy's speech at Yale calling for a fresh discussion of economic affairs free of sterile myths, the President took to the air to close off the debate over an immediate tax cut. He announced, with words and pictures, that the nation really was in pretty good shape; he emphasized that he was a fiscal conservative, wedded to the virtues of a small deficit in the same sort of conventional budget he had decried at New Haven. Finally, he promised that there would be a tax cut for everybody sometime, hopefully next year.

WHAT had caused the President to reach the decision—or perhaps more accurately, the non-decision—he announced on August 13? Among economists if not among politicians, it had been generally agreed that the sooner the tax cut was made, the better off the country would be. Walter Heller, chairman of Mr. Kennedy's own Council of Economic Ad-

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visers, had publicly stated that the economy has been lagging since 1957. It has been plagued by mild slump and brief recovery, each falling farther short of full employment of men and plants. This situation in turn has dampened the expectations of businessmen, leading them to reduce their buying for stock and their outlays for new machinery and factories. This cautious business policy, Heller observed, was responsible for the economy's failure to match the optimistic forecast he had made at the start of the year. As for the recovery of which the President had boasted—the advance that began a month after his inauguration—Paul McCracken, a member of Mr. Eisenhower's Council of Economic Advisers and professor at Michigan University's business school, has demonstrated that it was the weakest in forty years.

Moreover, there were signs that the recovery was slowing down and that another recession or downturn in output and employment was a distinct possibility by winter. The first months of the Kennedy recovery had moved in typical postwar fashion, with moderate gains in all sectors except employment. Industrial production, for example, was rising about two percentage points a month. But since the summer of 1961, the gains have been fitful and the production index has averaged little better than a half-point gain each month. As McCracken told the Congressional Joint Economic Committee, "The becalmed state of the economy at present, coming on the heels of a particularly weak cyclical expansion superimposed on a protracted period of less than reasonably full employment, strongly suggests that the economy needs strengthening in a fundamental way."

JUST FIVE DAYS before the President pointed with pride to the gains of the Kennedy recovery, his chief economist, Heller, had said, "It is the size of the job yet to be done that demands attention and commands action: the continued hardship, inequity, and waste of unemployment; the excessive amounts of unused capacity; the unsatisfactory pace of economic expansion in 1962, and the remaining gap in our balance of payments." Heller, who suppressed his own support for an immediate tax cut out of loyalty to the President, continued: "The uncertainties of current economic developments and prospects underscore the urgency of that unfinished business."

Heller and many other economists are agreed that the chief cause of the economy's sluggishness is the rigid braking effect of the Federal budget. The present combination of Federal spending and tax rates is such that the budget reaches a balance well before the economy reaches full employment. As the economy advances, the budget moves toward a surplus; that is, the government withdraws more from the spending stream than it is pumping in. But this restraint is premature, and serves to prevent the attainment of full employment.

Mr. Dillon Carries the Day

There are two polar solutions to this problem: either increase Federal spending and maintain present tax rates or maintain expenditures but cut taxes. In other words, Federal fiscal policy should aim at balancing the budget as near as possible to full employment, not attempt a balance while recovery from a recession is just getting under way. For a variety of reasons, not the least of which is Mr. Kennedy's conservatism, the increased-spending solution has drawn little attention outside of organized labor. The prevailing view and the current discussion have centered on reducing taxes.

In the early months of this year, Mr. Kennedy and Secretary Dillon were talking of a tax reform for 1963 that would overhaul the code without making any net change in receipts. But after the spring slump in the stock market, they promised that their tax reform would not merely be neutral but would produce a reduction in revenues. The President repeated this pledge in his August television address. But if a tax cut to lift the economy is needed at some point next year, why isn't it sound policy right now?

To all intents and purposes, the decision not to ask for a tax cut now had been reached a month before the television address. On July 13, the President met at the White House with his principal economic aides. After an hour's discussion, he decided to delay his decision, saying that he wanted a clearer picture of the economy's course. But it was quite clear that newer data would not show any dramatic change in the economy's direction. Kennedy's speech of August 13, publicly announcing that the tax cut must wait until next year, only ratified the decision that had been reached by default a month earlier.

The speech in large measure was a triumph for Secretary of the Treasury Dillon. While allowing himself leeway to support a Presidential decision in favor of an immediate tax cut, Dillon has thrown his influence against a cut this year. Within the administration, he and Heller often spar over policy and those present have observed that Kennedy's instinctive sympathies are generally with Heller. But when the time for a decision comes, the President almost invariably supports Dillon.

Dillon is by no means a fiscal primitive. He wholeheartedly supports the President's plan to cut taxes next year with full knowledge that this will increase the budget deficit. Dillon likes to give the impression that he is the embodiment of prudence in the administration, and his opposition to a prompt tax cut added another stroke to this self-portrait. Another reason for Dillon's opposition lay in the fate of his much-mutilated tax-revision bill, the principal work of his first eighteen months in office. Having seen what happened this year, Dillon became convinced that the much more fundamental tax-reform measure he had been preparing to submit next year would stand no chance unless accompanied by the sweetener of tax cuts in every bracket. If taxes were cut this year, Dillon reasoned, he would lose the bait that could make Congress swallow next year's reforms.

Another matter on Dillon's mind was his concern about the business response to an immediate tax-cut proposal. Such a proposal, he contended, would amount to a confession that the economy was in trouble, leading to a cutback in orders and investment that would make a sticky situation much worse.

Dillon's position was bolstered by another set of advisers, the young men Mr. Kennedy brought with him from his Senate office, the "Irish Mafia." Their arguments went this way: it's foolish to admit that busi-

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ness is weak just before an election. The President should be accentuating the positive, emphasizing gains to impress voters. Anyway, the Presidency isn't at stake in 1962 but in 1964. If there's going to be a tax cut, it should come as close as possible to the Presidential election so that Kennedy can derive the maximum political yield from it. Finally, Congress doesn't want to cut taxes this year and a proposal for a cut would probably end up in another embarrassing defeat for the White House.

THE Congressional coolness to an immediate cut in taxes confounds the realists who assume that all politicians like to play Santa Claus with other people's money. The opposition included diverse factions. On the far Right, Senator Harry Byrd, who presides over the Senate Finance Committee, holds it as an article of faith that any Federal deficit is sinful. To those who share this view, a tax cut on top of a deficit compounds evil. Another group of Congressional opponents questioned whether a tax cut that added a dollar or two to the average worker's weekly pay check would actually increase spending. But since 1950 consumers in all brackets have consistently spent between ninety-two and ninety-four cents of every added dollar of after-tax income. Thus, the risks of a tax cut leaking away into savings appear to be practically nonexistent.

There is a general belief on Capitol Hill that tax cuts do not earn much gratitude from the voters. The politicians recall that the Eisenhower administration reduced taxes more than $7 billion in 1954. It was rewarded by a new boom in the years that followed but the Democrats regained control of Congress that fall. Many congressmen, especially liberal Democrats, prefer increased Federal spending to cutting taxes and regard the two as politically irreconcilable. One said recently: "My constituents can see a new post office, a new road, or a new hospital. I can win votes with that. But a tax cut doesn't do me any good. I'm just giving back to them what they think I had no business taking away in the first place."

Finally, there were the moralists like Paul Douglas, a distinguished economist in his own right. For Douglas, tax reform is more than a matter of economics; it goes to the quality of American life. The Illinois senator deplores the intellectual energy expended in finding loopholes, the pervasiveness of expense-account living, and the hostility to government created by the tax-privileged incomes of savings and loan associations, oil-well owners, and others. Fearful, like Dillon, that an immediate tax cut would doom tax reform, he urged delay until the economy was clearly moving downward. There was at least one senator, however, Hubert Humphrey, the Democratic Whip, who wanted a prompt tax cut. With Mr. Kennedy's blessing, he polled his colleagues. He found

only a bare majority of the Democrats in favor of cutting taxes now and great disagreement on how they should be cut. Humphrey told the President that this situation could be changed if Kennedy was willing to take the lead. But the President was not willing.

What Do the Indicators Prove?

Confronted by conflicting advice in his own circle and evidence that neither Congress nor the American people were crying for an immediate tax cut, the President said he would base his decision on the monthly economic indicators. But by calling attention to the current indicators, the President did not contribute much clarity to what had been at best a rather confusing debate. The argument for a tax cut rests primarily on the economy's performance over five years, not on the prospects of an immediate recession. And all the experts knew in advance that the month-to-month changes during the summer would be small, whether they were up or down.

There is no need for a tax cut now, the President said in his television address, because the economy is doing well. To support this claim, he pointed to gains in output, income, and jobs during his first year and a half in office. He did not mention that these "gains" were measured from the bottom of a slump to what may be the peak of a recovery. The relevant comparison, of course, is between this recovery and gains in similar periods of other recoveries. On that scoreboard, the Kennedy recovery is abnormally weak.

Mr. Kennedy's text contained other questionable efforts to make the most of the meager gains. He boasted that the gross national product had risen ten per cent since he took office. But this comparison lumped output in 1961 dollars with output in the somewhat less valuable 1962 dollars. If price rises are removed from the calculation, as they should be, the advance is 8.5 per cent, as Heller had noted just five days earlier.

Mr. Kennedy also found some comfort in a twenty-three per cent drop in the unemployment rate, brushing past the two most important features of unemployment in this recovery: joblessness has remained at disturbingly high levels for an economic advance, and the reported rate has minimized the true extent of unemployment because the lack of jobs has kept on the sidelines several hundred thousand persons who would normally be looking for work.

Perhaps the most remarkable passage in the speech was this Presidential statement: "I take some pride in the fact that we kept last year's deficit well below that incurred in the recession of 1958." This was the same man who had suggested at Yale that deficits often serve a useful function in economic slumps.

THE PRESIDENT'S non-decision about the timing of a tax cut may have seemed a shrewd blend of politics and economics, but it involves a number of risks. Business might slide into the gentle recession predicted by

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many economists before the administration could make any effective response. The President has tried to suggest that a decision against a tax cut this year only involves a delay of a few months and has promised that next year's reduction will be retroactive to January 1, 1963. But even if the new Congress is more tractable than this year's and quickly passes a tax measure, it is hardly likely to do so before next June. Consumers and businessmen don't increase their spending very much because of income they may or may not get at some future date. Retroactivity will in effect increase the size of the cut, but its economic consequences won't be felt until it is actually signed into law.

Moreover, Congressional delay over the tax-revision bill of 1961 does not argue for fast action next year. There is good reason to believe that a sweeping reform bill, even coupled with sweetening tax cuts, may not pass until 1964, if then.

Faced with the prospect that the needed tax cut may be two years off, the White House aides and even Secretary Dillon are changing their priorities. The concern with reform, a principal reason for Dillon's opposition to a tax cut this year, is diminishing. Treasury officials have recently been trying to determine how much reform could be loaded onto a tax cut without slowing its passage through Congress next year. In the past, the Treasury had been thinking about how much of a tax cut was needed to get the reforms through. But as the reforms are shelved in the interests of a speedy tax cut, one of the most persuasive reasons for not requesting it this year vanishes. In the end, the President is likely to get a belated but sizable reduction with very little consequential reform.

If Mr. Kennedy himself had determined to cut through the economic myths he ridiculed at Yale and to ignore the extraneous consideration of the July economic indicators, had boldly taken the lead in a drive to push a prompt tax cut through Congress, would he have succeeded? Senator Humphrey thought he might have. Others in the White House did too. But Mr. Kennedy did not try, so no one can say for sure.

The Defense of the Dollar

M. J. ROSSANT

The President has been worried about the dollar ever since he took office. Indeed, his concern over the dollar's standing in the international financial community has served as a brake on measures that might have been taken to stimulate the sluggish domestic economy. The administration's unwillingness to promote faster growth through a tax cut, for example, is based at least in part on the fear that a larger deficit might endanger the dollar. At the same time, the administration is reluctant to take bolder action to strengthen the dollar by raising interest rates for fear this might jeopardize the advance of business.

In other words, Mr. Kennedy and his colleagues have yet to work out a satisfactory balance between fiscal policy, which has to do with taxes and the level of government expenditures, and monetary policy, which has to do with the availability of credit and the level of interest rates. Ideally, of course, the two are supposed to work together, like two oars on a boat, to keep the national economy moving straight and steady ahead.

Actually, there is less reason for indecisiveness than there was a year ago. The determined effort to strengthen the dollar has been quite a success, and this has increased Mr. Kennedy's freedom of action. Indeed, it seems clear that he could now take a bolder initiative than he has yet shown in dealing with the domestic economy.

The success in strengthening the dollar can be credited almost entirely to the Treasury Department. Happily free of Congressional restraints and vetoes, it has demonstrated a flexibility and ingenuity in the dollar's defense that have not been matched in domestic economic policy.

The main thrust has been aimed at cutting down the deficit in the nation's balance of payments, which measures the total inflow of funds into the United States against the total outflow abroad. A deficit has been registered each year since 1949 with the single exception of 1957, when the Suez crisis brought a surplus. In the earlier years of the 1950's the deficit was the direct result of Washington's desire to promote the recovery of Europe and increase world trade. But although European recovery was well under

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way in 1958, the deficits continued to mount sharply. For the three years ending in 1960, the loss totaled more than $11 billion. Foreign governments and central banks became alarmed and started shifting increasing portions of their huge hoard of dollars into gold.

Mr. Kennedy's declaration on entering office that he would defend the dollar brought an easing of pressure. The deficit, which had amounted to $3.9 billion in 1960, was reduced to $2.5 billion. This year, the deficit has been whittled down further, with the outflow pared to an annual rate of $1.5 billion in the first six months; and according to Robert V. Roosa, Under Secretary of the Treasury for Monetary Affairs, this is even better than expected. Both Mr. Roosa and Secretary Dillon are confident that the deficit will be eliminated entirely by the end of 1963.

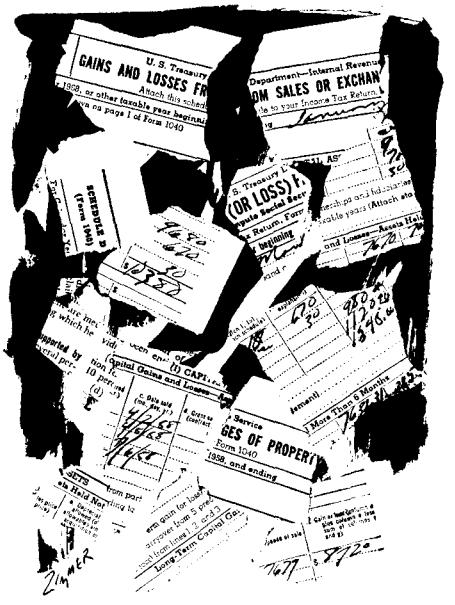
The improvement to date is due more to the combined impact of many small measures than to any single big step. Exports have been promoted; the Pentagon has cut down on its purchases abroad; foreign countries have been prepaying their debts; an increasing portion of economic aid is in a "tied" form that provides goods rather than funds; and short-term interest rates have been maintained at a fairly high level in order to discourage an outflow of funds to even higher-yielding markets abroad.

Although the foreign press, which seems to derive special satisfaction from dollar baiting, has skeptically suggested that the decline in the payments deficit can be accounted for mostly by large prepayments of debts, the administration should have no trouble withstanding these barbs. Over the past eighteen months, with the co-operation of the European central banks, finance ministries, and the International Monetary Fund, it has built up a defense in depth against private speculative runs on the dollar.

Such co-operation is based on self-interest, for the Europeans know that the collapse of the dollar would be a calamity for them as well. Not only would they take heavy losses as a result of their huge dollar holdings, but their export trade would also stand to suffer since devaluation of the dollar would in effect lower the prices of American goods on the world market.

The Source of Doubt

Mr. Kennedy's campaign to defend the dollar has certainly gone well so far. But it would be a mistake to assume that Europe's co-operation and the constructive measures being taken to reduce the deficit will necessarily provide ironclad guarantees of the dollar's future. Quite apart from the payments deficit, the dollar is sure to be under severe pressures whenever there are serious doubts about the basic strength of the U.S. economy.

These doubts exist. Although European central bankers are convinced that the payments deficit is being

brought under control, they question whether confidence in the dollar can be restored without a marked acceleration in the growth rate of the U.S. economy. In the last analysis, funds flow to those nations which are growing fastest in real, non-inflationary terms for the simple reason they offer the most promising opportunities for investment. That has been one of the important lessons of Europe's economic renaissance.

Although the balanced budget is worshiped as an end in itself by many Americans, even the most conservative Europeans have no qualms about unbalanced budgets. The basic tenet of the Europeans' orthodoxy is that inflation must not be countenanced, a position that stems from their frequent bouts with ruinous debasements of their currencies. Yet this does not inhibit them from advocating the deliberate unbalancing of government budgets by lowering taxes or increasing spending, provided that the ensuing deficit is not financed by inflationary means. Nor are they disturbed by fears that domestic deficits will necessarily increase their payments deficits by stimulating an outflow of funds. The Europeans have had long experience in concocting combinations of fiscal and monetary policies to keep their national economies moving ahead on course. They are convinced that fiscal policy can be relaxed to produce a deficit that will stimulate growth, provided that monetary policy is tightened to guard against currency runs as well as the threat of inflation.

FOR A TIME it seemed as if the European approach might get a trial in the United States. It had a certain number of advocates among administration advisers and clearly fascinated the President himself. In the early part of the summer, in fact, Mr. Kennedy dispatched Walter Heller, his chief economic adviser, to Paris, rather like a latter-day Columbus in search of the gold of the Indies, to study Europe's economic "miracle" at first hand and bring back its secret.

On his return to Washington, Mr. Heller found that the reluctance to experiment had increased. Both in Congress and in the White House itself a native aversion to budget deficits is still prevalent. There is also a strong resistance to tightening credit, based on the fear that a rise in interest rates would stifle the domestic economy.

The President has been much influenced by Secretary Dillon, who believes that tax reform, as well as tax reduction, is essential, and who does not want to become embroiled in a fight with William McChesney Martin, the head of the Federal Reserve Board. Martin and Dillon compete for the title of apostle of discipline and defender of the dollar; and though Dillon is the bolder, he cannot go too far out on a limb on taxes because Martin, who has effec-

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tive control over credit policy, could saw it off. Indeed, Martin warned that in the event of a tax cut the Treasury would have to finance the deficit by selling bonds to the public, a device that would only serve to nullify the stimulus of the tax cut by absorbing a good deal of the money thus put in circulation.

Against this background, the administration finally turned down the idea of experimenting along European lines.

THE ADMINISTRATION is probably right in believing that the dollar might have been seriously weakened if it had sought and failed to win approval of immediate tax reductions. In any event, the dollar is in no great danger for the time being and the economy should manage to continue its sluggish advance.

If there is a downturn in economic activity at a later date, however, the administration would be in trouble—indeed, in double trouble, as the Europeans see it. For it would then face the threat of a renewed flight of the dollar without having had the benefit of any substantial growth in the economy. Furthermore, the emergency steps that Washington might then have to take to stem the outflow—such as establishing a crisis level of high interest rates—would also contribute heavily to the economic decline by discouraging new investment and capital spending, and so, in the longer term, provoke a renewed loss of confidence in the dollar. There is no question that the dollar could be successfully defended for a limited period, but this would produce no lasting solution.

The administration still has time to use its powers to strengthen both the dollar and the economy. It should begin by recognizing that in these days no currency, including the once invulnerable dollar, can avoid being tested by stiff and constant competition in the international financial markets. Today economic growth alone can defend the dollar. The President himself, though he did not choose to stress the point during the tax-cut debate, has stated the issue clearly: "Economic progress at home is still the first requirement for economic progress abroad."

The Troublesome Legacy Of Styles Bridges

DOUGLASS CATER

FOR NEARLY a quarter of a century, many aspiring to political fortune in New Hampshire paid their homage and frequently served an apprenticeship to Senator Styles Bridges. Though Bridges, the Senate's ranking Republican, died last November, the power of his name lingers on. In the Republican primary on September 11, Bridges's widow and six others who worked for him in one capacity or another are laying claims to high elective office. All but one or two of them base their campaign pitch on the need for continuing what his widow calls "Styles Bridges Republicanism."

The vacancy left by Bridges in New Hampshire politics has set friend against friend and may even have created opportunities for non-Bridges Republicans, not to mention the Democrats. Doloris Bridges is competing for the seat her late husband held in the Senate for twenty-four years, campaigning against the state's two congressmen and a protégé of Governor Wesley Powell, who in turn was long an assistant to the senator. Powell himself is being challenged for the governorship by another former Bridges man, John Pillsbury. And a raft of candidates who once served Bridges are battling for the two seats in Congress.

The feuding started only hours after the Senator's death, when a loyal Bridges supporter, William Loeb, owner of the Manchester *Union Leader*, the only paper with state-wide distribution, inaugurated a drive to get Mrs. Bridges the interim appointment. But Governor Powell, though paying fulsome respect to the deceased, named instead a thirty-four-year-old newcomer to politics, Maurice J. Murphy, Jr., who only the previous month had been appointed state attorney general. The uproar was instantaneous. Publisher Loeb, a supporter of Powell during his numerous tries for elective office, turned on Powell and Murphy with a vengeance.

Various explanations are offered for what caused this rupture. Powell says somewhat guardedly that he did what he thought was right "by our state and by our country." Loeb claims that Powell wanted the Senate seat himself but didn't have the guts to claim it and now is afraid to run against Bridges's widow. Undoubtedly it had to do with the conflicting ambitions of those who claim the Bridges legacy.

POWELL, like Bridges, is a man of humble origins. He entered politics after a try as a lay preacher. It wasn't an easy entry. After serving a ten-year apprenticeship as Bridges's administrative assistant, he twice tried unsuccessfully for the Senate and twice for governor before he finally won by a 396-vote plurality in the primary of 1958.

Powell's ambition has not waned in office. During his second term, he has consolidated his power by bringing the state bureaus more directly under the governorship. Now that he is seeking an unprecedented third successive term, his opponents accuse him of building the kind of machine in the state that neither Styles Bridges nor anyone else had attempted. Powell has regularly shown a petty zest for ceremony. In 1959, when Vice-President Nixon paid a ceremonial visit to New Hampshire, Powell rode at the head of the procession in solitary splendor rather than compromise over who would sit with whom. More recently, he decreed that the state highway police, newly reorganized and newly uniformed, would henceforth be obliged to salute him.

Powell's ambitions go beyond New Hampshire. At the Republican national convention in 1960, he sought the Vice-Presidential nomination,

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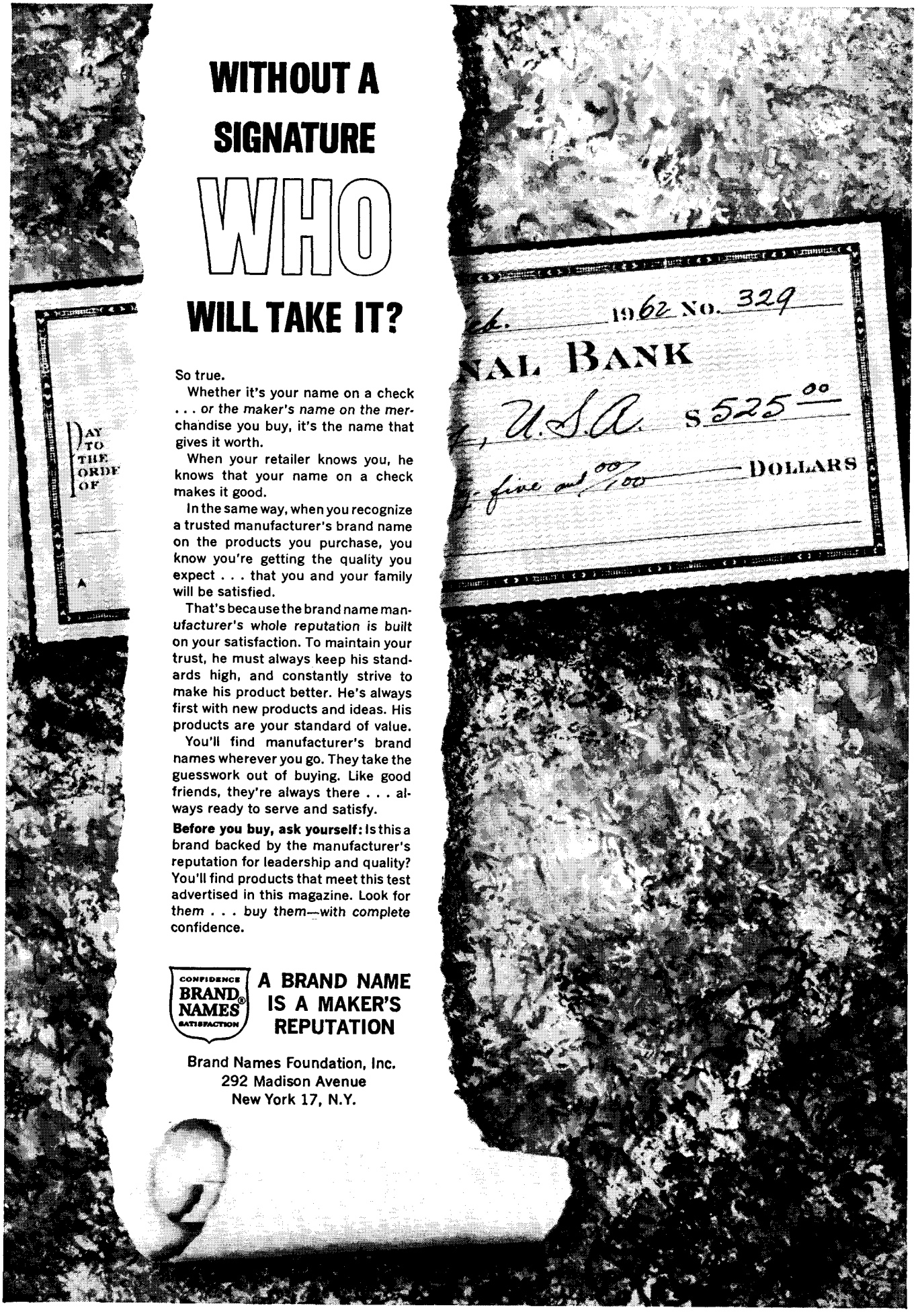
WITHOUT A SIGNATURE WHO WILL TAKE IT?



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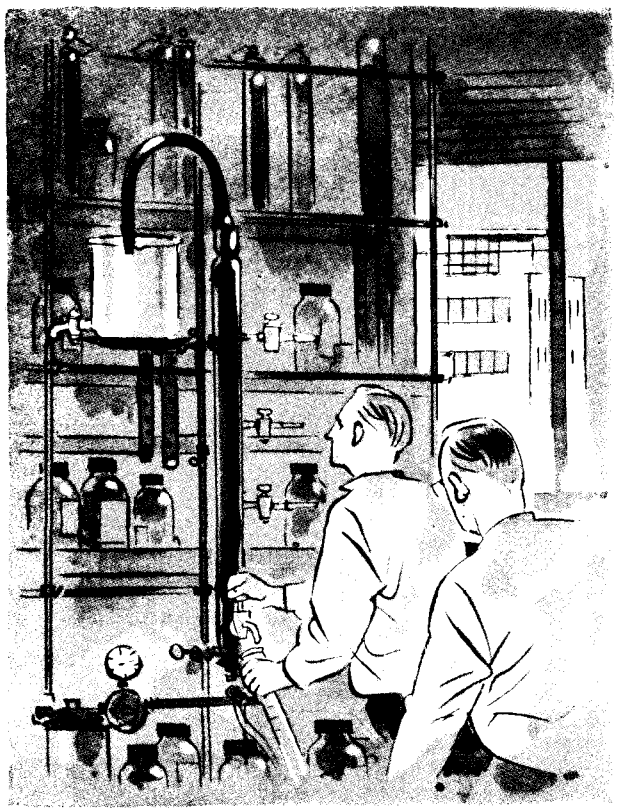
How minding our own business gets a lot of other things done

No Suds on Tap

Detergents are a boon to modern living. They wash clothes cleaner, get dishes brighter, do many jobs faster. But the used suds can be hard to get rid of.



So tests were made to see if the process, called "foam fractionation," worked on polluted water. It did. Gas is bubbled through the liquid, and . . .

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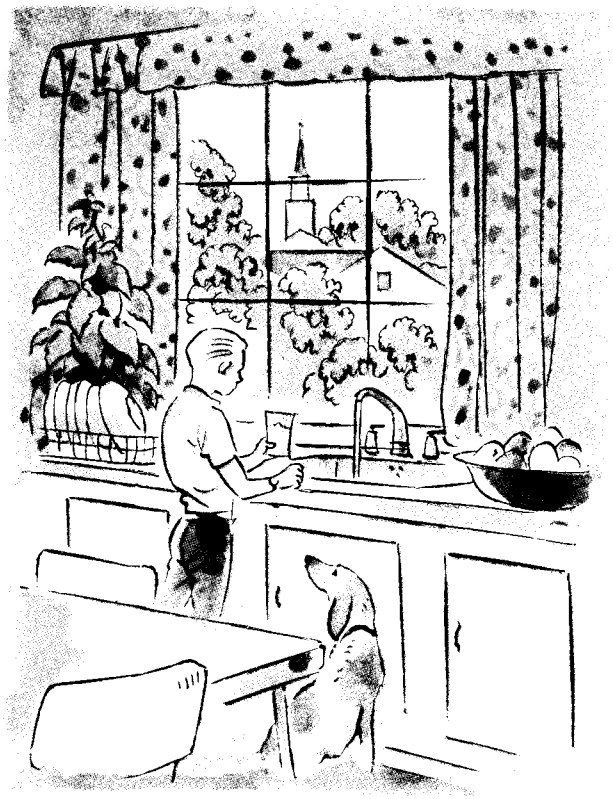
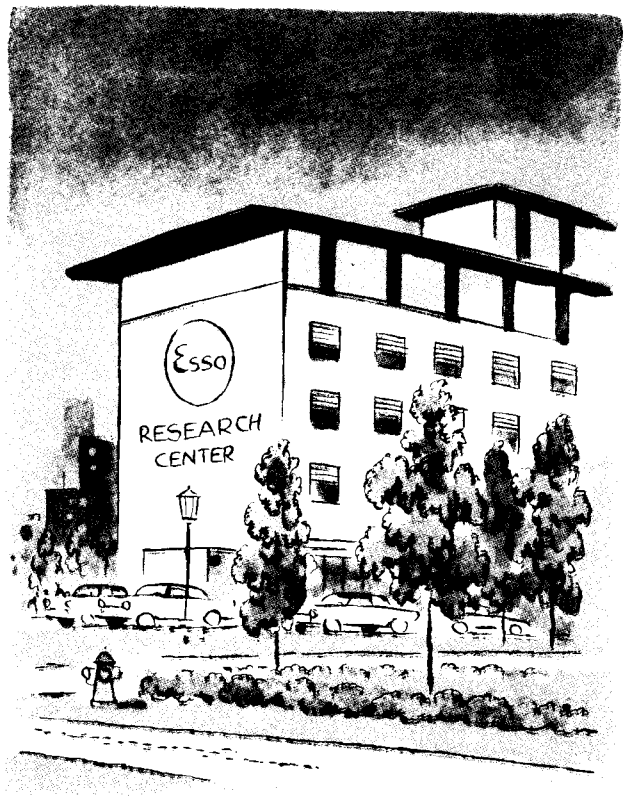
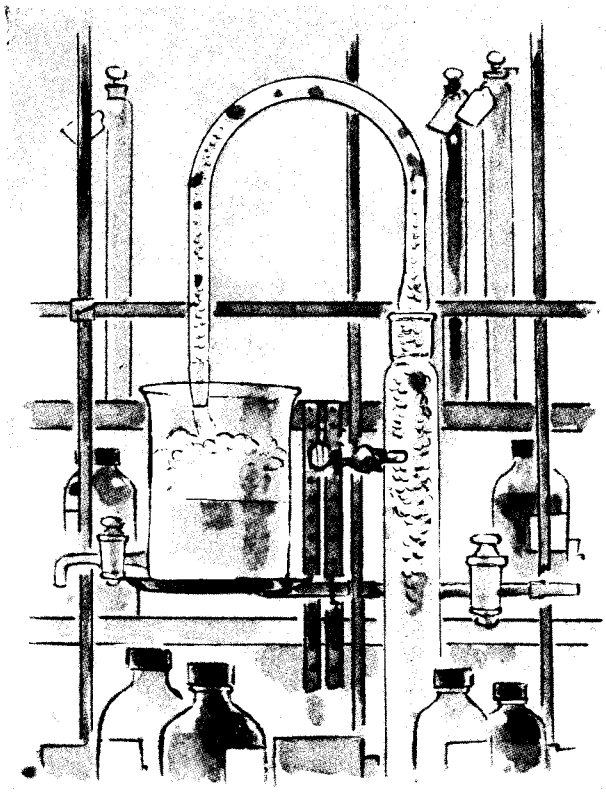


Sometimes they seep back into water supplies, and turn up as foam at the kitchen tap. In many communities this has become a serious problem.



Esso scientists, improving a method for removing impurities from crude oil, had the idea that it might be used to remove detergent suds from water.



detergents are drawn to the bubbles, much as iron particles to a magnet. They ride the bubbles to the surface, collect as foam, and are skimmed off.

Thus, an oil technique applied to water supply systems promises cleaner water. *Business, conducted with imagination, often produces unexpected benefits.*

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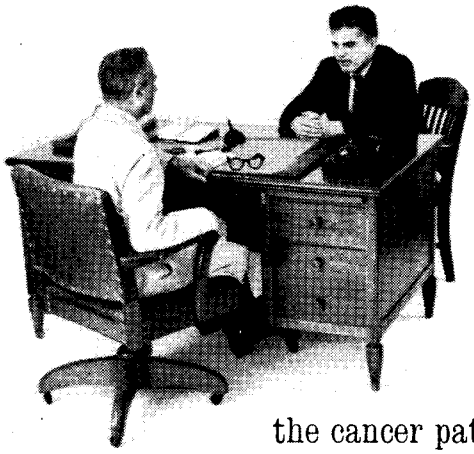
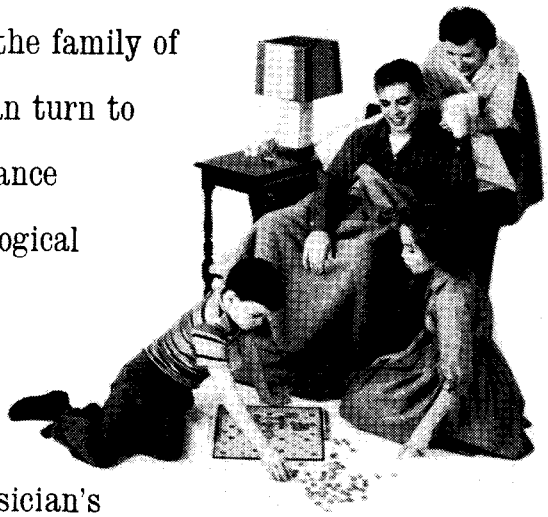
SWORD WITH A POINT®

The sword of hope of the American Cancer Society offers ✦ **HOPE** for the cancer patient today: One in three is being saved, compared with one in seven only twenty-five years ago. The American Cancer Society's public education messages are alerting more and more people daily to the vital importance of regular health checkups, to the urgency of early diagnosis and proper treatment, and to a host of other life-saving facts about cancer.



✦ **HOPE** for the family of the cancer patient: They can turn to the Society's service activities for assistance in relieving physical and psychological problems. ✦ **HOPE** for tomorrow's cancer patient: He will benefit from his physician's knowledge of latest advances in the diagnosis and treatment of cancer—knowledge largely provided through the American Cancer Society's professional education program. And, through the Society's vast research program, important new discoveries are being made which can ultimately mean an end to cancer. ✦ This is the program of the American Cancer Society. Its sword of hope points the way to a future free of cancer. **AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY®**



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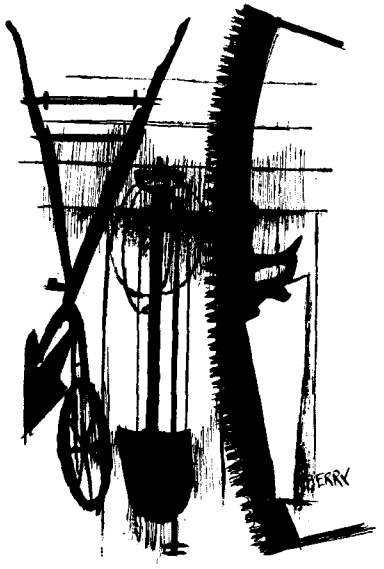
and angrily left Chicago when a majority of the New Hampshire delegation declined to propose him. He informed a "Meet the Press" panel this summer that he was giving "some thought" to the Presidential



primaries of 1964, explaining that a candidate from a small state ought to have the opportunity.

His handling of the Bridges succession has certainly not brightened his national prospects. Nor, it is felt, has the mild coronary attack he suffered last spring. Under what he claims is a six-month regimen that won't end until after the primary, he has been playing a daily game of golf but desisting from active campaigning—an inactivity that his chief opponent, Pillsbury, is zealously exploiting.

The Widow's Competition

In the Senate race, with four contenders in the primary, young Murphy bases his campaign on the fact that he is twelve months and six rungs up the ladder of Senate seniority. His front-page advertisements proclaim, "One precious year . . . Don't Throw It Away." But the two New Hampshire congressmen are both in the Senate race and can make more impressive claims to experience in Washington.

Chester Merrow, a portly ex-schoolteacher, has represented the First District for two decades, holding out against Democratic challenges from industrial Manchester by establishing one of the most liberal Republican voting records in Congress. He is also the only Republican candidate in the state to pledge his support to Kennedy's Medicare bill and has won support from a number of the state's labor leaders. But he entered the race late and apparently has failed to build an impressive campaign organization.

According to one poll reported in the Concord *Monitor*, Congressman Perkins Bass, of the Second District, holds a slight margin. Bass, of a venerable New Hampshire family, is one of the very few among the younger politicians who never claimed allegiance to Bridges, although Bridges once worked as secretary for the congressman's father, Governor Robert Bass. Internationalist in foreign policy and moderately conservative in domestic, Bass has quietly built strong support in his own district during the past eight years. On the assumption that Murphy and Merrow, who both live in the other district, will divide their constituents, Bass's strategists are hopeful that he can pick up the necessary plurality.

Much, of course, depends on Mrs. Bridges's inheritance and what she does with it. When her husband died, she has since remarked, she searched his records and could find no trace of an organization, not even any lists. It is a credible complaint. Bridges had a reputation for wariness in his dealings. He was a loner who built his power on the favors he dispensed to his constituents. (Bridges once remarked, an associate recalls, that he had dealt out over fifteen thousand favors in New Hampshire alone. Though he was a powerful backstage booster of Senator Joseph McCarthy and the other extremists who came along, he usually stayed out of the line of fire himself.

It is not clear whether Mrs. Bridges has mastered her husband's political skills. A trim, handsome woman of forty-six, she came originally from Minnesota and was working as a government clerk in Washington when she became Bridges's third wife in 1944. Her political views are reputedly even more conservative than his. During the 1960 campaign she echoed Governor Powell in accusing Kennedy of being "soft on Communism," but with the feminine addition that he was "very, very, very soft . . ."

Evidently she has been receiving good advice, for her campaign has been waged on more subdued lines. Not long ago, when I caught up with her entourage— a "Flying Squadron" comprised of nine or ten college students and her stepson, John Bridges—her main appeal was to continue the tradition of her late husband. "I alone amongst all of the candidates am on public record for eighteen years of having supported that which he believed," she told an audience in Keene. She spoke of the fiscal irresponsibility of the Kennedy administration, the national debt, the dangers of the trade bill, the astuteness of Senator Harry Byrd, the evils of Medicare, and the "irrationality" of U.S. foreign policy. The response was hard to gauge, since Mrs. Bridges closed by asking everyone to stand and recite the pledge of allegiance to the flag. Applause seemed awkward after that.

DESPITE the plethora of primary candidates (four for the Senate and eleven for the two House seats), there are complaints among the New Hampshire citizenry of a staleness to the campaign. Issues seen almost irrelevant. Much of the argumentation

and the strategy pits locality against locality, group against group. The affairs of the world seem far off in such an atmosphere. One might conclude that it is the quiet politics of a quiet people, yet that same politics

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has also permitted the witch hunt for local subversion to linger in New Hampshire longer than in most places since the downfall of McCarthyism.

The lack of political vigor may be a congenital problem for a small and inbred state, off the beaten track. By shrewd endeavors dating back to Governor Sherman Adams's régime, New Hampshire has managed to stave off the industrial decay that has afflicted much of New England. Its current unemployment rate is one of the lowest in the country. The effect has been to bolster the conservatism of an inherently conservative people.

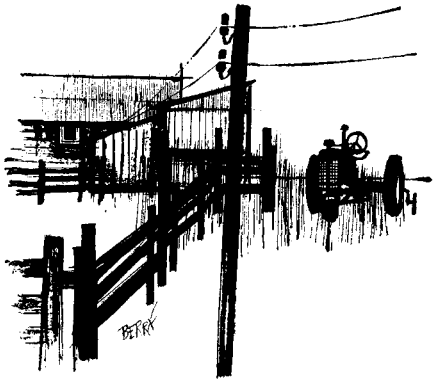
Other conditions by no means unique to New Hampshire contribute to the political torpor. Primaries are open to all comers, and the front runner, though he may have far less than a majority, wins. Party conventions, held *after* the primaries, have no mandate to enforce party responsibility. The system has provided a field day for the opportunistic self-starters who for many years have held the personal politics of Senator Bridges as their model.

By logic, the challenge of a second party should discipline New Hampshire Republicanism. But the Democrats, who last won a state-wide or Congressional election in 1936, have never managed to grasp their opportunities. Their strength is drawn from the French Canadians and the Irish. But the two groups cordially despise each other and regularly sabotage the party's candidates. One promising contender, Bernard Boutin, who ran for governor in 1958 and 1960, was doomed when Republicans pointed out that he couldn't speak the French of his forefathers. To add to their troubles, the Democrats have been afflicted with "straw" candidates in cahoots with the Republicans who file for office merely to provide token opposition. Senator Bridges was frequently the beneficiary of such connivance. In the last election, Democratic party officials had to bring court action to strike from their primary ballot two vagrants of long prison experience who sought to run.

The Democratic Party's hopes lie more in the feuds among the Republicans than in the strength of its own candidates. If Powell or Mrs. Bridges wins in this year's Republican primary, Democrats profess renewed hope that they can put together a victory alliance in November. So far, the only sign that the national party may be giving any aid is the unusual number of billboards featuring Democratic candidates.

Mr. Loeb's Absentee Ire

A phenomenon in New Hampshire's politics is the persistent and, to many, the pernicious role of publisher William Loeb. An out-of-stater who maintains residences in Reno, Nevada, and Prides Crossing, Massachusetts, he plays it to the hilt in befriending or maligning the state's politicians. His signed front-page editorials in the *Union Leader*, though dictated by telephone and often awkward in construction, are still masterful in their invective and their



skillful, relentless probing of an opponent's real or fancied weaknesses. Republicans as well as Democrats provoke Loeb's diatribes. During the Korean truce negotiations he suggested that Eisenhower and the Joint Chiefs crawl on their "collective bellies" before the Communists. This year he has singled out a Republican candidate for Congress, James C. Cleveland. This young lawyer incurred Loeb's displeasure by defending an alleged Communist against state prosecution and by standing up for the Supreme Court's school prayer decision. A Loeb editorial entitled "Communism and Atheism" attacked Cleveland so rawly that most of the state's other newspapers have rallied to his defense, and he may be elected as a result.

If a number of Republicans and Democrats in New Hampshire are unhappy with the state of politics, they can find some solace in knowing that editor Loeb shares their dissatisfaction. In a recent poolside interview at his Prides Crossing estate, he reviewed the sixteen years since he outbid the scion of one of the state's rich families to buy the *Union Leader* from Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox's widow. A sturdy, rather handsome man of middle age, Loeb admitted a fundamental dislike for those he called "the inheritors"—men whose wealth had been passed down to them—who sought to run politics as a closed corporation and who tended to grow fuzzy in their thinking. That was why he supported men like Bridges and Powell who came up the hard way. That was also why he plans to bequeath his newspaper to the employees and let his own children work for a living.

Though a cordial host, Loeb revealed himself a somewhat petulant commentator on this year's political scene. He had had to make some unhappy choices in the primary. For the First Congressional District, he was not supporting Louis C. Wyman, a Bridges protégé who later became state attorney general and chief sleuth in the search for subversives. Wyman had been all right on the Communist question, Loeb conceded, but you couldn't count on him in the clinches. "He's got no guts, and I'd tell him that to his face." For the Second Congressional District, he had passed over a former Bridges assistant to support chicken farmer Stacey Cole, a newcomer to politics but with plenty of experience "appearing before committees in Washington." Finally, he broke with Governor Powell to back Mrs. Bridges for the Senate seat.

Quite evidently, the rift with Powell had cut deep. Loeb recalled with obvious nostalgia how he had supported the able and ambitious young man through the lean years. Bringing a tape recorder out on the terrace, he played a well-worn transcription of Powell's brief but eloquent inaugural address in 1959. Loeb had seen such vast potential in it.

How did he explain Powell's treachery to the Widow Bridges? Loeb admitted that he had had premonitions. "Mrs. Loeb warned me that his eyes were too narrow-set," he said reflectively. "I should have paid attention."

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The Many-Fronted War In South Vietnam

DENIS WARNER

SAIGON

THE AMERICAN contribution to the Vietnamese war effort this year has been rapid and effective. Officer for officer and sergeant for sergeant, the approximately nine thousand Americans now here are superb, an elite of unprecedented quality and dedication. They know their job as soldiers and they are equally effective in their relations with the Vietnamese. New equipment, especially the troop-carrying helicopters and the amphibious armored personnel carriers, has made hitherto secure Communist Viet Cong bases vulnerable to surprise attack. Moreover, many of the major and minor Vietnamese abuses of the past are being corrected. Troops are punished in many commands if they steal pigs and chickens from the peasants. And, though it may be hard to credit that this did not happen before, the Self-Defense Corps and the Civil Guards, who together lost sixteen hundred of the two thousand military and paramilitary forces killed in action in the first six months of the year, have been promised, and in some cases are getting, army medical attention when they are wounded.

For the first time, also, the Vietnamese government is making a major effort to identify the people with the struggle. The leaders have borrowed British Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer's slogan from Malaya and say repeatedly that this is a "battle for the hearts and minds of the people." Many of them mean it. In an extended tour of the country I have come across more evidence of the right things being done in the right way than at any period in the past thirteen years in this war-torn part of the world.

The war is not yet being won. But it is certainly being lost more slowly than it was a year ago. It is also true that the full value of the American effort, especially the training program, will not be apparent until next year. The Viet Cong has merely had a taste of what it may expect.

At the same time, the gap between policy and practice is often dangerously wide. Many of the blunders of the past—both of the Americans and of the South Vietnamese government—are still being paid for. The Viet Cong is a bigger and better armed force than it was a year ago, dominating three-fifths of the land area and slightly less than a third of the population of fourteen million, with access to an estimated two million potential recruits of military age. Though the lessons of the Malayan experience are being pushed hard, they are sometimes not really applicable or are misused. Finally, there is what seems to be a truly dangerous tendency on the part of the Diem régime to react to the Communist techniques, methods, slogans, and ideology with techniques, methods, slogans, and even an ideology that are ready-made for Communist exploitation.

This is especially true of the "strategic hamlets" that have mushroomed all over the countryside, giving it a mixed medieval-Martian effect with their moats, pointed bamboo palisades, and mud-plaster watchtowers. In the American view, what the peasants want is security, health, education, and some hope of rising living standards. The Diem régime agrees about the security, but thereafter gives priority to hours of indoctrination and the regimentation of farmers, youth, and women into ideologically directed formations reminiscent of the Kuomintang in the closing years of the China war. If they know what's good for them, every man and woman will join the hamlet's National Revolutionary Movement. Membership carries priorities in medical care and schooling; nonmembership invites suspicion, and suspicion invites trouble. All must learn about President Diem's philosophy of Personalism, and four thousand cadres (note the word) have graduated from the centers at Vinh Long and Dalat. Personalism is not the cult of the personality. According to an official definition, "In its neo-political-philosophical meaning, it is a system based on a divine, therefore spiritual, law, which, applied to a régime, extols man's transcendent value." These concepts offer poor solace in a village that still lacks a school.

This is not to suggest that President Diem does not have a clear picture of the Communist threat. He phrased it in the simplest and best terms I have heard in the course of a four-hour lecture-interview he gave me. "For the man in the street, the cities come first," he said, "then the countryside, then the forests, then the mountains. The Communists work entirely in reverse. In their strategy, the mountains come first, then the forests, then the countryside. After that, the cities can be isolated." He added: "These are very elementary notions but few people understand them."

AMONG THOSE who did not understand for many years were western military planners in Southeast Asia. In 1954, when the French abandoned the Indo-China scene in ignominious defeat and Diem took over the chaotic bits and pieces left by the Geneva Agreement, the West saw the threat to South Vietnam in purely conventional terms. North Vietnam had 350,000 men under arms. They were organized into infantry and heavy weapons divisions. Therefore, these forces and not the

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scattered Communist political cadres in the mountains and remote hamlets of South Vietnam were seen as the principal danger.

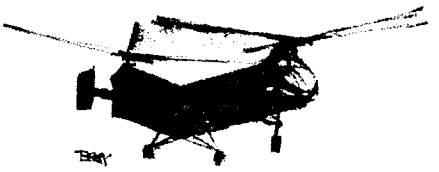
American advisers set out to turn the hodgepodge of South Vietnamese formations into a conventional military force of 150,000 men, fewer than sixty thousand of them line soldiers. By the end of the 1961 fiscal year, when expenses began to rise sharply, the Vietnamese Army had cost the United States roughly $1.5 billion, of which about $1 billion, the sum received in the local currency for commodity imports into Vietnam, was used to pay the troops. The rest went to pay for hardware.

Washington couldn't see the trees for the woods. Time and again Diem appealed for arms and paramilitary training for the Civil Guard, which, with the Self-Defense Corps, or village home guard, he wanted to build up as a grassroots counterinsurgency force. In 1957, he appealed directly and urgently in Washington. The answer was "No."

Thus from 1959 to 1961, when the Viet Cong activated its political bases and turned its campaign of subversion and terrorism into what the Communists call a war of national liberation, South Vietnam lacked the resources to cope with such a conflict. Trained to defend the country's frontiers, used to protect the administration from the threat of a *coup d'état* and handicapped by presidential interference, the army fought blindfold against the unseen Viet Cong.

West of Sada

In 1952 I went on a French mopping-up operation in the Red River delta in Tonkin. Villages were knocked down with artillery and bombs. Napalm was used against a phantom foe. And thousands of peasants were undoubtedly convinced that their only hope lay with the Vietminh. Again last year I accompanied a Vietnamese divisional operation in the Mekong Delta that was tragically like the 1952 story, even down to the Algerian wine we drank at lunch and dinner at divisional headquarters. I have just come back from another of these operations, this time in a remote rice-growing area west of the delta town of Sada, between the Mekong and the Bassic.



This was not exactly a rerun of 1952, but it did seem to be a new release of the same story, updated with modern equipment and some macabre touches.

The operation began when a reinforced regiment of infantry under a Vietnamese commander with an American adviser sealed off an area roughly fifteen miles long and five or six wide. The only normal means of access to the villages in the center of this zone is by small boat along the canals that irrigate the rice fields. Since the canals are small and easily defended, the region has become a Viet Cong sanctuary, complete with what the Communists call combat villages. It was like a big-game hunt, with the beaters on the side driving the prey into the center for the guns. In this case, the hunters were fifteen amphibious and armored troop carriers made of an aluminum alloy and designed to skate along at twenty miles an hour or more across the paddy fields. Intelligence reports said that two companies of Viet Cong, perhaps two hundred men, were in the area.

Air and military support were available. There was an L-19 spotter plane for guidance, the heavy-weapons support of .50-caliber machine guns, and two platoons of infantry aboard to engage the Viet Cong if it elected to stand and fight. The Vietnamese forces achieved the element of surprise and reached a combat village deep in Viet Cong territory, where, according to the L-19, about a hundred troops had concentrated. The Viet Cong apparently intended to make a fight at first. They had cut sheaves of green rice and boughs from trees to camouflage the earthworks and trenches outside the village. But since their orders are always to run away when they see they cannot win, they decided to pull out as we approached. They were still in the village, however. Only fifty yards ahead of us, behind the fruit trees and heavy foliage that hid the village huts, the L-19 dropped a smoke bomb to indicate their position. The troops did not move. Finally, after many minutes of delay, they disembarked cautiously to inspect the abandoned trenches and earthworks. There was no sound from the village. "They'll be gone," said the American. "Let's go now." The commander replied that he had called for air support. Finally, after raking the trees surrounding the village with .50-caliber machine-gun fire, the troops did move, with the American leading the way.

The machine-gun fire had hurt no one, it seemed. Most of the villagers, and all of the men, had disappeared. The troops did not molest or berate the villagers. But they made no attempt to search the houses for hidden Viet Cong weapons or supplies. They gave the impression that they did not want to tarry.

For the rest of the day we hunted down those who had fled from this village and from the infantry on the flanks into the flooded rice paddies. The carrier I was riding on went into a deep, overflowing irrigation ditch at speed, and the wash brought a black-clad man to the surface. The soldier next to me fired with his carbine and the body disappeared, leaving a well-stocked army medical kit floating on the water.

All over that great field of rice we found men hidden like fish, deep in the water and breathing through bamboo tubes. Like fish, also, they tended to seek shelter in the deepest pools, the lotus ponds and the irrigation channels. Sometimes they were so deep that though the spotter plane could see them we could not. Twenty were killed and ten captured, mostly those who managed to get their hands up after a first wild shot had missed.

Without exception, the prisoners were bound with their arms behind their backs and beaten, punched, or kicked. Three soldiers would then seize each man and force him under water. From time to time, his head would be dragged out of the water for questioning. If he failed to respond, he was pushed under again. This usually went on for ten to fifteen minutes, sometimes for much longer. The final act was to force the man's mouth open while another soldier poured water down his throat from a helmet. When he could hold no

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more, he was thrust under again, this time with a hand clasped over his mouth. I expected many prisoners to die, but none did.

The purpose of the interrogation was to find out where the prisoners had left their weapons. Some denied they were Viet Cong. Others said they had left their guns in the village, but the Vietnamese never went to look, the explanation being that it was too late, or too far, or not worthwhile. In other words, it was all pointless.

No doubt the raid, which was intended to harass and hit the forces that have been launching attacks against Civil Guard posts and villages, succeeded in throwing the Viet Cong into disarray. They are no longer safe, even under water in the rice fields; their secure bases are secure no longer. But there were eyes and ears out there in the paddy fields. We discovered that when, every now and then, a hidden man would get up and run. What was seen and heard may convince the people of this region that the Vietnamese Army is growing stronger, but it is unlikely to win many hearts and minds. And since we came with no thought of establishing and defending any sort of administrative post, the Viet Cong cause surely won the day.

The Call for 'Peace'

The Viet Cong wants the people to learn war by war, to identify themselves with the struggle against the "My-Diems" (the Americans and Diem), and to think they have no alternative but to fight against them. On its side, the Viet Cong has been guilty of fearful atrocities. It has murdered and mutilated government officials, teachers, and their families. It uses terror for the sake of terror, but with discrimination. The ordinary man is safe—so long as he does what he is told, or so long as he is engaged on approved work, or work that has the general approval of the people if not of the Viet Cong. Priests and western missionaries in the most dangerous areas of the country risk their lives every day, but more from accidental shooting than from Viet Cong design. Every one of them could be shot a dozen times a day, but because the Viet Cong has not abandoned hope of making the struggle a "people's war," they are allowed to live and work.

To the ignorant peasant the Viet Cong talk about independence, democracy, and freedom, and above all about an end to the shooting, is appealing. He doesn't stop to ask himself about democracy and freedom in North Vietnam. He is not concerned with it, but he is very much concerned about himself. Probably no more than twenty per cent of the people of South Vietnam are for the Communists, but I would not be surprised if many more were for peace—not peace at any price, but in the gilt-trimmed wrapper the Viet Cong offer.

President Diem is obliged to hold towns and lines of communication and to fight for total victory. The

Viet Cong's ambitions are more modest and more easily fulfilled. They do not feel impelled to hold anything and thus have no need to worry about static defense. They are concerned in a military sense to use their guerrillas to tie down Diem's forces, leaving their elite mobile regulars free to hit at targets of opportunity. Their aim is not total victory in the field but at the conference table in Geneva.

ALL THE WARNING signals suggest that a critical period is immediately ahead, probably late this month or in October. The danger area is not the Mekong Delta but the High Plateau and the foothills of the Annamite chain in central Vietnam. The barren, heavily populated lands of Quang Ngai Province, where twenty thousand Vietnamese with relatives in North Vietnam are a ready-made fifth column, is one possibility. All but two Vietnamese battalions in the corps area there are already tied down in static defense. One battalion, isolated and beyond ground support in the mountains, is in a situation that inevitably invites comparison with the French forts in the mountains of northwestern Tonkin in 1952 and 1953.

During May and June, General Nguyen Don, the Viet Cong commander in Quang Ngai, received his heaviest reinforcement yet along the Ho Chi Minh Trail. Fifteen hundred troops passed that way in six weeks, bringing with them into the high plateau new and heavier equipment, including 81-mm. mortars, recoilless rifles, high-quality anti-tank mines, and considerable quantities of plastic high explosive.

The consensus, both Vietnamese and American, is that General Don has the capability to launch a considerable offensive. He can either head for the sea or back up through Kontum Province against the Laotian border. By the first move, he would gain rice and manpower, while the second would protect his lines of supply and reinforcement through "neutral" Laos. In either case, we may expect this limited military initiative to be accompanied by an all-out offensive for "peace." On August 18, the North Vietnam radio broadcast a policy statement calling for "the establishment in South Vietnam of an administration pursuing a policy of independence and strict and positive neutrality . . . to form with the kingdoms of Cambodia and Laos a peace and neutral zone in Southeast Asia. . . ."

Militarily, South Vietnam is in shape to stand an offensive. But, as always, the political uncertainties remain. Diem's loyalty to those who stood by him in his early and difficult years is deep and profound. He will not broaden his government by including what he describes as "political amateurs." He will not change his advisers. He is not amenable to outside advice. This not only makes for a less than total effort; it also aids those who think in terms of a coup and, even more dangerously, those who are misled by the Communists' call for "peace."

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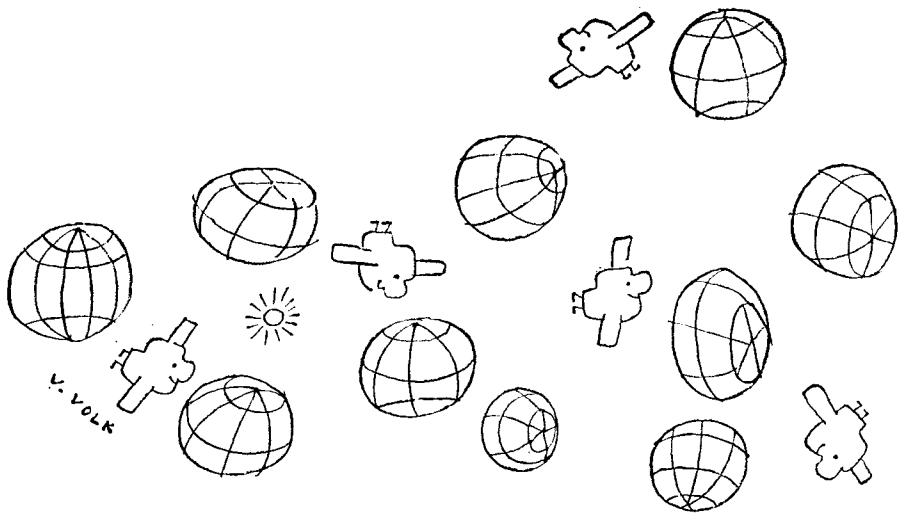

Issues Not Faced In the Telstar Filibuster

PHILIP M. STERN

THE DEBATE in the United States Senate on the communications satellite bill was an unfortunate one. It began desultorily on June 14 and ended in bitterness on August 17, after consuming nearly a hundred hours of the Senate's time. It was unfortunate because the usual genius of the legislative process—the accommodation and compromise that so often strengthen or perfect a bill—totally failed the Senate, and because of the profligate waste of the Senate's time and energy. Most of all, it was unfortunate because the very drama of the abortive filibuster by liberal opponents of the bill obscured from public view and understanding an important new experiment in the regulation of an industry vitally affecting the public interest.

The debate centered on the question of government versus private ownership of the space-borne electronic marvels that have already linked two continents by sight as well as by sound.

The launching of the Telstar satellite on July 10, and the subsequent live television broadcasts from Europe, dramatized for the American public the potential of the orbiting spheres that receive signals from one ground station and retransmit them to another, continents away. Within a decade, satellites far larger than Telstar will be stationed 22,300 miles away from the earth, each with at least eight times the message-carrying capacity of the most modern transoceanic cable, yet costing a third as much. With them, whole newspapers and magazines can be transmitted and printed simultaneously in several parts of the world. Passengers will be able to call their homes from transoceanic jet airliners. A wealth of other data—business, weather, navigation—all will be transmitted with greater speed and certainty than at present, and at far less cost.

Of Profits and Foreign Policy

When the Senate debate on the satellite measure began in mid-June, the cry was "giveaway." "It is rather depressing," Senator Russell Long (D., Louisiana) told a near-empty Senate, "that on the threshold of the greatest scientific discoveries in the history of the human race we have a little greedy band that reaches out to the Congress and says, 'Give it all to us . . . Now that the American people have bled themselves white to develop this instrument, give us the profits for the future in outer space.'"

While the American people have hardly "bled themselves white" in developing the communications satellite, the public investment is substantial. More than $175 million has been allocated for space-communications technology alone, and a portion of the $25 billion spent on satellite and missile rocketry must be included in any audit. The question raised by Senator Long was how, when the taxpayers have borne the lion's share of a new commercial invention, can they be assured of a full return on their investment? That is to say, how can they be sure of getting the most economical rates for their enjoyment of it and the fullest development of its potential?

On June 21, the satellite bill was set aside in favor of more urgent Senate business. When debate was resumed on July 26, the focus shifted to the foreign-policy aspects of space communications. The original administration bill, Senator Albert Gore (D., Tennessee) charged, had been gutted to the point where the United States would be represented in international negotiations not by the State Department but by a private corporation dominated by American Telephone & Telegraph. Moreover, he asked, would not a commercial satellite system, operated for profit, tend to concentrate on the lucrative transatlantic traffic and ignore the underdeveloped areas of the world? What if the Russians put up a state-subsidized satellite system and offered its facilities free of charge to the nations of Africa and Latin America? And shouldn't the government, with its enormous investment, receive preferential rates for such uses as the overseas broadcasts of the United States Information Agency?

AS THE FILIBUSTER dragged on, the debate grew increasingly bitter and tempers mounted. On August 1, partly in the hope a respite would cool the atmosphere, the Senate leadership agreed to refer the bill back to the Foreign Relations Committee.

These hearings presented a problem for Secretary of State Rusk. Clearly, on the question of international satellite negotiations, the language inserted in the bill by Senator Robert Kerr's Space Committee relegated the State Department to a back-seat role, confined to "advising" the satellite corporation of "relevant foreign policy considerations." But,

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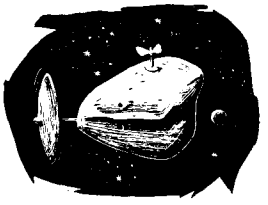
with the President firmly and publicly backing the Kerr bill, Mr. Rusk assured the Senators that notwithstanding what the bill *said*, the Constitutional powers of the President plus other more general provisions of the bill would enable the State Department to determine which ne-



gotiations it would conduct and which the satellite corporation would handle. In actual practice, State Department experts say privately, the issue is unlikely to arise. Since any negotiations on a global communications system will be multinational, the satellite corporation will want to rely on the experience and standing of the State Department. Moreover, they contend, if the President asserts his foreign-policy powers, the satellite corporation will be hard put to protest.

As to the danger that the satellite corporation might ignore unprofitable services, such as to underdeveloped countries, an array of administration witnesses warranted that if governmental pressure on the corporation should become necessary, the bill contains adequate means for exerting it.

DURING the week of the hearings, the exasperated Senate leadership became convinced that even if the foreign-policy provisions were strengthened, the bill's liberal opponents intended to revert to the argument over public versus private ownership and resume their filibuster. On Friday, August 10, a crucial decision was taken. If the filibuster resumed, a debate-limiting cloture move would be sought and no amendments would be accepted.

Thus ended all hope of making any changes at all that might have improved the bill. On August 14, cloture *was* voted, for the first time since 1927, and in the ensuing three days, more than two hundred amendments to the bill offered by the militant opposition were summarily voted down by a lopsided majority. When Senator Long permitted twenty-eight of his amendments to be defeated in a block, the end was clearly at hand. In the late afternoon of August 17, the Senate ended its tribulations by passing the satellite bill, 66 to 11.

Senate leaders remain convinced that if the measure's opponents had agreed to end their filibuster voluntarily, some of their amendments, especially in the foreign-policy field, would have been included in the final Senate bill. But the public-ownership partisans elected to gamble on defeating the cloture move, and to continue their filibuster in the hope of forcing the leadership to accept more substantial amendments. They lost their gamble and with it whatever chance they may have had to make their mark on the measure.

Public, Private, or Mixed?

If Senators Long, Gore & Co. hoped through their talkathon to educate the public to the issues involved in the satellite bill, they defeated their own purpose, for the very drama of the filibuster and the suspense of the cloture motion commanded the headlines and overshadowed the most important aspect of the satellite measure: its new approach to government regulation.

The effective control of the new communications-satellite industry posed two special problems. The first is how to prevent the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, which overwhelmingly dominates the existing communications industry, from gaining a similar grip in the new satellite field. A corporate colossus with $26 billion in assets, AT&T presently controls ninety per cent of the domestic and all of the overseas-cable telephone business. A second special concern was the built-in conflict of interest that would be created should the existing communications companies (or "carriers," as they are called) gain control of this new invention that would compete with and could render obsolete their existing facilities.

Senators Kefauver and Long had a particular worry: that AT&T domination of satellite development might delay the perfection and adoption of a "high" satellite system (requiring far fewer satellites and fewer and cheaper ground stations) and would instead tend to saddle the United States with the inferior but more readily attainable "low" Telstar-type of satellite, in which AT&T already has a considerable investment.

The two traditional solutions to such problems have been government ownership or heavy reliance on strict government regulation of a private industry. Some believe that the Kennedy administration brushed aside the first choice simply because it was clear that Congress would insist on private ownership. Yet even New Deal disciples in the New Frontier who might have been expected to argue, privately at least, for public ownership favored the compromise plan. To many of them, eighteen months of firsthand contact with the Federal bureaucracy has been far from an inspiring experience. "Frankly, I'm discouraged," one high official said. "Unless we make a radical change in the way government hires and pays talent, private industry is always going to get the best, and the government will end up with the second-raters." Asked at a Senate hearing about the salary scale for obtaining top-caliber regulatory personnel, FCC Chairman Newton Minow replied, "Hopeless. Hopeless."

Another top Kennedy official who fully believes in government ownership where necessary had this to say: "On a permanent basis, the government just doesn't run things well. It's hard enough to get the existing government research programs run properly, and I'm convinced we're

going to get into more and more. Anyway, our communications industry is the best in the world. Let's try to devise some public-interest controls and let them run the satellites."

THIS is precisely what the Kennedy administration has sought to accomplish in its proposal for a private satellite corporation with built-in checks and balances. The voting stock of this corporation will be made available for sale, half to the

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existing communications companies and half to the general public. Within its fifteen-man board of directors, administration experts foresee a tour-way division, with each faction keeping vigilant watch over the others and preventing them from doing major violence to the public interest. The four are:

¶ AT&T, with a maximum of three directors.

¶ The other communication companies—such as RCA and Western Union—with a maximum of three directors among them.

¶ The non-communications investors, with six directors.

¶ Three public directors, appointed by the President.

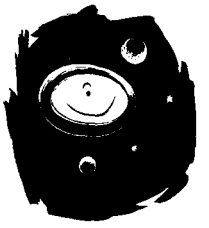
Administration officials, in a mixture of belief and hope, envisage these four factions interacting roughly as follows:

The other communication companies who have chafed under AT&T's past grip on key communication links and who are anxious to break into the international field themselves will want their three directors to safeguard their right of equal access to the satellites, as guaranteed in the proposed new law.

The six "non-carrier" directors will, it is reasoned, be more concerned with the profitability of their own investment in the new satellite corporation than with protecting the existing extraneous investment of AT&T and the other carriers. For example, they could be expected to favor pressing ahead with a "high" system, even if it meant competing with AT&T's domestic long-distance lines, since this would mean more business for the satellite corporation. Congressional proponents of the bill, incidentally, created some confusion by referring to these "non-carrier" directors as "public" directors, implying that they would represent the interests of the general public. Administration authors of the legislation saw them merely as a counterbalance against the communications companies.

Finally, in any split among the other directors the balance of power will lie with the three directors appointed by the President, whose very presence, the administration believes, will reinforce the other public-interest protections.

As to effective regulation of the rates charged by the satellite system, of course, the checks and balances within the satellite corporation will offer no protection in themselves. Rate regulation will remain with the Federal Communications



Commission, and the record of FCC supervision of telephone rates has disturbed even many of those who are most opposed to government ownership. They point out that not once in the twenty-eight-year history of the FCC has there been a formal rate hearing. With only 140 FCC regulatory employees, telephone rates have been a matter of bargaining between the FCC and AT&T. In 1953, without any public hearing, the FCC granted an increase in long-distance rates supposedly designed to give AT&T a 6.5 per cent return on its investment. Subsequently, the rate has gone as high as 7.8 per cent. Representative Emanuel Celler of New York recently stated that FCC inaction has cost the United States telephone users some $985 million in excessive charges.

Although in the past year the commission has begun to move vigorously into rate regulation, two private management-consultant firms have warned the administration of the inadequacies of the FCC regulatory setup. One states flatly that unless the FCC steps up both its concern and its capacity to regulate rates, the cost savings that may be expected from the satellites may be passed on to consumers only after a time lag of years.

Will It Work?

Administration officials acknowledge there is no guarantee that their compromise plan will work as neatly as they hope. But they believe that in the long run their pragmatic approach will serve the public interest better than sole reliance on either government ownership or government regulation. For example, they entertain no illusions of loosening AT&T's grip on existing communications facilities. But they believe that placing the would-be competitors together in the same corporation with AT&T, each with an inside vantage point and an inside voice, offers the best hope of fostering future competition in the new satellite field. Lee Loevinger, the government's top anti-trust attorney, was forced to acknowledge that this new approach violates classic anti-monopoly precepts and, in fact, amounts to waiving the very anti-trust laws he is supposed to enforce. But, he argued, so firm is AT&T's present grip on the industry that the administration plan is "the best method" of introducing a "competitive structure" in the new satellite industry.

Dr. E. C. Welsh, a former trust buster and now a top space official, attaches great importance to the presence of non-communications investors and directors. This source of financing will prevent the carriers from threatening a financial boycott to block policies distasteful to them. And by buying stock, would-be entrants in the communications field, notably the aerospace companies and the major equipment suppliers, can win a place on the board of directors.

But the innovation on which the administration is placing its greatest reliance is the presence of three directors appointed by the President. As Deputy Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach has put it, "We think they will carry enormous weight with the other directors. Just the fact that they have been appointed by the President will give them special standing."

The questions posed by the satellite debate are almost certain to recur. The Federal government is currently spending $12.4 billion annually on research and development and it will be surprising if this prodigious amount of publicly financed exploration does not produce new commercially lucrative inventions to follow in the wake of the dramatic Telstar. The bitterness and confusion of the recent filibuster did less than justice to a problem that is sure to loom large in the future of the American economy.

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He Made It

ALFRED KAZIN

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF EDWARD GIBBON. Edited and Introduced by Dero A. Saunders. *Meridian Books. $1.35.*

Edward Gibbon wrote two remarkable histories; the other one is of himself. The work that Gibbon called *Memoirs of My Life and Writings,* but which his friend and executor, Lord Sheffield, finally put together from various drafts as the *Autobiography,* was undertaken as a complacent acknowledgment of his importance after he had become famous—and also to give himself something *more* to do after he had rounded out twenty-three years of work on *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* and knew that he would not live long enough to write another big book.

It was going to be a success story. The six volumes of *The Decline and Fall* had been a great success with the public and with the most "eminent" judges of the age, and Gibbon felt that his life had (somewhat surprisingly) turned into a triumph all around. The fat little man (he was under five feet, regularly ate two breakfasts, and had a "habitual dislike to motion") who in his earliest years feared that he might be an "illiterate cripple" now spread himself a bit. He had never married, he looked somewhat peculiar, and even Sir Joshua Reynolds's famous portrait gave him the look of a fat, sulky child impressed with his own importance. But he had made it. He had become a classic in his own lifetime, and in writing the story of how he had made it he was going to be just as outspoken, malicious, conceited, and racy as he pleased.

Since Gibbon left so many drafts of the book when he died at fifty-six, Lord Sheffield in compiling it was free to eliminate some of Gibbon's swagger. Without this first editor, there might have been no *Autobiography* to publish at all, and according to Dero A. Saunders, who went to Gibbon's own texts for this excellent paperback edition, Sheffield often did a brilliant job in reconstructing the book even if he was prim and tried to tone Gibbon down a bit. Gibbon, who said that he meant to publish the book during his lifetime, nonetheless left the text in confusion; obviously he was in no hurry to publish it himself, and it is possible that in the end he too would have restrained some of his feeling at the expense of people who had been unkind and to whom he now felt superior. Mr. Saunders's restorations are welcome, but not as significant as the fact that he has made Gibbon's wonderful book available again. It is one of the best autobiographies in English and involuntarily one of the funniest, for though Gibbon knew that he was

like no one else, he could not have known how much of a "character" he was. He is always honest about himself, but so pompous in describing his personal problems and decisions that the balanced rhythms of his style seem to belong to the history not of a man but of an empire. When he fell in love with the marvelous but penniless Suzanne Curchod, his father threatened to disown him completely; Gibbon, who needed a private income in order to do his work but was not sure that he needed a wife, used these words to describe how he gave up the lady who became Mme. Necker and the mother of Mme. de Staël: "I sighed as a lover; I obeyed as a son."

GIBBON could now feel, writing his autobiography, that he had made the right choices all around, that his life added up to a pleasing balance. He was famous, he was rich, he belonged to all the best clubs, he represented a standard to his age. People would now want to know more about the famous Mr. Gibbon, and he would be happy to perform this service as a biographer of himself. There were other writers of memoirs around, of course, but "That I am equal or superior to some of these biographers, the efforts of modesty or affectation cannot force me to dissemble." And being a sensible man, an eighteenth-century mind at its best, a rationalist and skeptic, and best of all an Englishman, Gibbon knew what the demands of a really successful life were. He began his book by demonstrating that although, as a philosopher, he had to allow himself a smile at these human vanities, he would not conceal his pleasure at having been born of a good and prosperous family in the nation that was most removed from barbarism. Though he himself has said it, it is greatly to his credit, that he is an Englishman! As he put it in that inimitably elegant style which is perfectly precise, expressive of the subtlest shades of irony, and as dramatically balanced as a dancer on her toes—a style that had just happily carried him through two thousand pages of what is probably the greatest history ever written, and certainly the most readable of all the great histories—"My lot might have been that of a slave, a savage, or a peasant; nor can I reflect without pleasure on the bounty of nature, which cast my birth in a free and civilized country, in an age of science and philosophy, in a family of honorable rank and decently endowed with the gifts of fortune."

It was Gibbon's unfailing assurance that made possible not only his self-satisfaction as a man but also the perfection of *The Decline and Fall.* He knew exactly what to aim at in life; he knew exactly where his happiness lay; he knew exactly what to make of Roman history and exactly how far to condemn or praise emperors or prophets who had lived sixteen hundred years before. He knew—he thought he knew exactly—what was virtue and what was courage, whose unlimited power was useful and whose was disastrous, in

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the world of antiquity that had begun suddenly to lose its inner faith and political cohesion in the second century after Christ. The Roman Empire, at the time of its greatest extent, was to Gibbon synonymous with the civilized world, with all that mankind has wrested from barbarism. To say "Rome" was in fact to say "the world." Whatever had been untouched by Rome (in darkest Asia or the depths of Africa) lacked interest for a civilized and skeptical mind. In the same way that the Roman Empire in A.D. 100 marked the extent of civilization, so Gibbon felt that his own mind and values, not to say his society and his class, symbolized in 1776 (when the first volume of *The Decline and Fall* appeared) the only possible foundation of human order and civilized interest.

This positiveness helps to explain the storybook interest of much in *The Decline and Fall*—a history so readable that T. E. Lawrence said he would never insult it by consulting it upon a specific point. Gibbon was clear about everything, and as a result everything in history became very much one kind of thing or another. Gibbon described the ancient world with the ease of a man who knew what there was to be known and who felt that he was as reasonable as a man could ever be. He was skeptical about religion and ironic about men in general, whose motives are few and not hard to understand—"History is, indeed, little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind." But the values of life were indisputable, and he knew what they were: that is as clear in *The Decline and Fall*, when he applies them to emperors and prophets, warriors and courtesans and saints, as it is in the *Autobiography*, where he comfortably tells us how well he has managed everything.

GIBBON makes curious reading in a culture like ours, where personal insecurity of every kind has become almost a proof of one's humanity and where the most gifted people are supposed to suffer most. The whole tone of Gibbon's self-satisfaction becomes entertaining and admirable as soon as you remember that the writer was a genius. The tone is so unlike what is customary in modern autobiography that you realize the depth of the immense revolution in consciousness that followed once the dogmatic assurances of classicism were destroyed. Gibbon sat in Parliament during the American Revolution—the seat was a gift from an important political figure who knew he would vote to order—and despite his occasional doubts about official British policy toward the colonists, supported the government. He was at last rewarded with the sinecure on the Board of Trade he needed in order to get on with his great work. He was entirely at home with the Establishment of his time—and when at last he had just the house he needed in London, the right number of servants, and was admitted to all the select clubs, he was as much at peace as a man will ever be, and turned out pages every morning so that at night he could go into society. Many a writer in our time, in any time, has wanted to live at the height of fashion; Gibbon, while writing one of the greatest books in the world, acted as if it were enough to live well. There is an audible sigh of satisfaction after each balanced period in the *Autobiography;* you can virtually see him in the pose so often described—rapping his snuff-box for attention and demanding applause.

YET IT WAS far from certain in Gibbon's early years that he would accomplish anything. He was the only one of seven children to survive, and he himself was puny and looked crippled; his mother, who had little interest in him anyway, died soon after his birth; his father was absorbed in trying to salvage what had once been a very large fortune. Gibbon felt that his life had been saved only by the intervention of an unmarried aunt who really cared for him. "My poor aunt has often told me, with tears in her eyes, how I was nearly starved by a nurse that had lost her milk, how long she herself was apprehensive lest my crazy frame, which is now of common shape, should remain forever crooked and deformed. . . . I was successively afflicted by lethargies and fevers, by opposite tendencies to a consumptive and a dropsical habit, by a contraction of my nerves, a fistula in my eye, and the bite of a dog most vehemently suspected of madness." Because of his physical weaknesses, Gibbon's education was mostly private, and since he was left alone to read as he pleased, he soon had an amazing stock of knowledge. "Before I was sixteen I had exhausted all that could be learned in English of the Arabs and Persians, the Tartars and Turks." When he went up to Oxford at fifteen, he was so irritated by the laziness and indifference of his tutors—a Dr. Winchester "well remembered that he had a salary to receive, and only forgot that he had a duty to perform"—that out of a sheer bravado, and to get back at the authorities, he allowed himself to be converted to Catholicism.

It was as a result of this schoolboy gesture that Gibbon's real education began. His father, who had ignored him until then, was outraged and sent him off to Lausanne to live in the home of the Protestant minister Curchod and to be reconverted to the true faith. For almost five years, Gibbon lived in a French-speaking household, studied the French and Latin classics, and even began to write in French. In an era when, as he complacently felt, his contemporaries in England were wasting their time on drink and horses, he was training himself to become the great historian. Although he officially returned to Protestantism, he could no longer take Christianity seriously; by spending these fundamental years out of England, he felt that he had attained the cosmopolitan touch and intellectual finish the English lacked. The training he gave himself in Lausanne made him a master of his materials. By twenty-one, when he returned to England, he was so cocky that he could translate Cicero into French and back again into Latin, then comfortably compare his Latin with Cicero's. Before reading through any new scholarly work, he would first review in his mind all that he knew about the subject, then check to see if the book had anything new in it.

In fact, he was now so ready to write a great historical work that it was only a question of finding the right subject. Long before that famous evening in Rome, on the fif-

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teenth of October, 1764, when the idea of writing *The Decline and Fall* first started to his mind "as I sat musing amid the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter," Gibbon had prepared himself for the extraordinary experience of re-creating in a work of historical art several centuries of human history. He had the scholarship, the memory, the patience, and the accuracy; above all, he had the imagination to see the Roman Empire in perspective, the ability to absorb out of thousands of books, inscriptions, and manuscripts that sense of the past as a single and dramatic whole which makes possible a great work of history. It is a gift few writers have ever had, and with the growing specialization of knowledge it has become all but impermissible. Gibbon still thought of the historian as a man of letters; once he had absorbed all his sources and had satisfied himself on all the necessary details, he could go on to write the history not merely of Rome but of the empire that stretched from Britain to Palestine—a story that included the rise of Christianity and of Islam.

THE PECULIAR QUALITY of a great historian's imagination lies precisely in this ability to see vast masses of fact as composing a single order of significance—to see the past, in fact, as if it *had* to be reduced to the order of a single book. Gibbon was lucky—he could still think that literature was a record of the past and that the past could come to life again only as a great work of history. But beyond that, he possessed the ability to see all details in immediate dramatic relation, to space and to time his effects like any other artist. Gibbon so thoroughly absorbed his notes and was so intent on the most effective presentation of his materials that he mentally tried each paragraph in his mind before he wrote it out. He boasts in the *Autobiography* that *The Decline and Fall* took only one draft and that no one else saw it before the printers did. In Gibbon's mind the whole late Roman world was already *there*, waiting to be made into literature. He had only to know a fact to make it live for the reader as well, and he had only to paint the character of an emperor to explain what happened to a province.

Rome was certainly a government by emperors, not of laws; a good leader meant peace and security, a bad one instability. This, at least, was the way Gibbon saw it. He described history always from the administrative, the imperial point of view, from the aspect of central policy rather than from any concern with the actual life of the people. It would be impossible to imagine the greatness of Gibbon's achievement without this emphasis on leadership. "If a man were called to fix the period in the history of the world during which the condition of the human race was most happy and prosperous, he would, without hesi-

tation, name that which elapsed from the death of Domitian to the accession of Commodus. The vast extent of the Roman Emperor was governed by absolute power, under the guidance of virtue and wisdom." The presuppositions here may take our breath away. But in Gibbon's time there was no other way of writing the history of the Roman Empire. And quite apart from any political bias, Gibbon felt, quite rightly, that he was a rational and "philosophical" historian, examining all the records and making a true judgment. This he proudly compared with the usual "voice of history, which is often little more than the organ of hatred or flattery." The famous fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of *The Decline and Fall* on the rise of Christianity were written in so detached, skeptical, and "scientific" a spirit that Gibbon had to write a special "Vindication" of them against the attacks by indignant churchmen. Yet by shocking the godly, Gibbon felt that he was in the best tradition of an enlightened age—with Voltaire and David Hume. Although Boswell was bitterly jealous of Gibbon for Johnson's sake, and Johnson, who suppressed his private doubts, could be hysterical in his orthodoxy, Gibbon had good reason to feel that the most advanced minds of his age admired *The Decline and Fall* as a work of history and admired his courage as a "philosopher." A contemporary historian said that he was now at the head of "the whole literary tribe in Europe."

GIBBON had made it. An English politician who visited Gibbon when he returned to Lausanne at the end of his life described him walking up and down as he talked, but looking over his shoulder to cast complacent glances at the Reynolds portrait. Horace Walpole, who was a malicious man anyway, reported to a correspondent that he teased Gibbon with the suggestion that "Though you have written the story as well as it could be written, I fear few will have patience to read it." Walpole went on: "He colored; all his round features squeezed themselves into sharp angles; he screwed up his button-mouth and rapping his snuffbox said, 'It had never been put together before'—*so well*, he meant to add—but gulped it."

Poor Gibbon! He did not live long enough to enjoy his achievement as thoroughly as he would have liked. Dogged all his life by what even his friend Sheffield called his "extraordinary bodily infirmities," he ended up with an embarrassing and unnatural enlargement of the scrotum. Unfortunately, Gibbon, who was too fat anyway, did not dress to conceal this condition, and he was a sight in his tight breeches, standing up in company rapping on the ornate snuffbox decorated in cupids; the ladies "did not know which way to look."

Poor Gibbon! He had made it all too well; he had become a joke as well as a book. But as usual, he had the last word. In the last sentence of his autobiography, he wrote: "In old age the consolation of hope is reserved for the tenderness of parents, who commence a new life in their children; the faith of enthusiasts, who sing hallelujahs above the clouds; and the vanity of authors, who presume the immortality of their name and writings."

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BARBARA CARTER

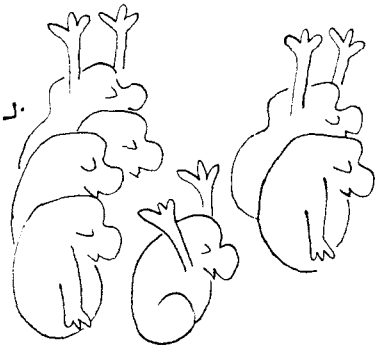
A STRATEGY OF INVESTING FOR HIGHER RETURN, by Richard H. Rush. *Prentice-Hall. $15.*

A while back there was a book about making a million dollars in your spare time in real estate. It was, of course, a thoroughly appealing idea until one discovered that the trick depended on a great deal of wheeling and dealing as well as a certain hard-nosed ability to double the widow's rent. Now, as one of the tallest and widest contributions to the new how-to-get-rich literature that has been pouring out of bookstores during the past few years, comes an expensive work for the private investor that purports to show how he can get "returns of up to eighteen per cent or even higher" on his money, written by a self-advertised friend of J. Paul Getty. Again, it's all supposed to be done in your spare time.

Although Mr. Rush's book is directed to the small ($5,000) and the not-so-small ($1,000,000) investor, anyone planning to mortgage a home, buy a car on time, make home improvements on credit, or in need of a loan might well be advised to read this volume with care. Because that eighteen per cent return "or even higher" has got to be paid by someone, and it could be you.

HERE, to take an example, is how it works. A real-estate firm sells a house for $20,000 and the buyer pays only $1,000 down, getting a $17,000 first mortgage with a bank and the remaining $2,000 in a second mortgage with the accommodating real-estate firm. The terms on the second mortgage are standard, eight years to pay at six per cent annually. But the real-estate firm does not keep the second mortgage. It sells it instead to the enterprising private investor at a fifty per cent discount, or for $1,000 instead of $2,000. According to Mr. Rush, this enables the private investor to reap an annual return on his money of a whopping thirty-seven per cent. Mr. Rush explains, almost in passing, that the firm was able to discount the $2,000 note so handsomely because it had jacked up the price of the house by $1,000 more than it needed to clear its usual profit.

Home-improvement firms have similar credit notes to sell. But lest the shimmering returns betray the avid investor into imprudent action, Mr. Rush advocates keeping a weather eye on the cash in hand. He warns the reader to check first that the firm offering the note has not "grossly" overcharged the customer, in case the bill should be challenged later in court. If the overcharge is not gross but merely preposterous, say, or enough to permit a fabulous discount, the next step is to phone the homeowner to see if he is satisfied with the job and if he understands the payments he will have to make. "All this is taped on a recorder," Mr. Rush notes approvingly, to be played back later if necessary.



Mr. Rush has a word of caution for the too eager investor who might want to go directly to the source of the money itself. "If you establish a mortgage directly with the homeowner at a rate of eighteen per cent, your mortgage will, in all probability, be usurious and against the law." Mr. Rush is not suggesting that the investor settle for anything less than eighteen per cent, of course; he is merely pointing out that the note must be bought from the lending

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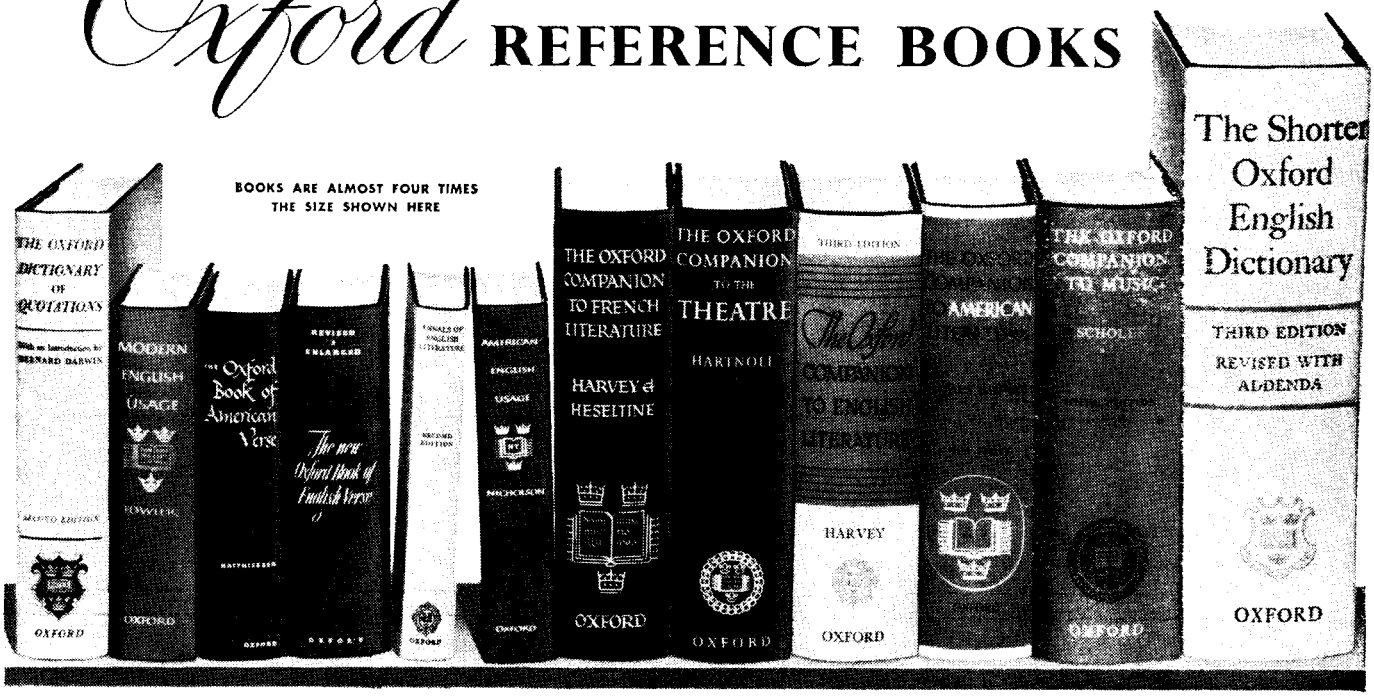

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To the stock market, which is relatively free of such entanglements, Mr. Rush devotes only a single chapter. On the whole, he is not enthusiastic about stocks—too much specialized knowledge is required, the risks are high, and the rate of return, including growth as well as dividends, is relatively low. He estimates that the best you can count on, even with expert knowledge, is a beggarly ten per cent. The necessary knowledge, incidentally, often turns out to be inside information that Mr. Rush tantalizingly leads the reader up to and then abandons. Indeed, the private investor might find the $15 he is required to lay out for this outsized offering from a reputable publisher of textbooks is a dubious investment in itself, tempering somewhat the excitement that these marvelous tales of high finance might otherwise engender.

Mr. Rush's investment opportunities, liberally laced with the possibilities of suits, pursuits, and foreclosures, range through fifteen bewildering chapters on the making of money on money—down through the hand-rubbing days, while the interest rates twinkle and the money keeps piling up.

And what have you got at the end? Well, of course, you've got money. As Mr. Getty writes with disarming assurance on the dust jacket, "One who has money has what everybody else would like to have." That's true enough, but unhappily the price can be high. Here is Mr. Rush, a graduate summa cum laude of Dartmouth, bearer of a Phi Beta Kappa key as well as a doctorate from Harvard, by his own account being unceremoniously ejected, along with his wife, from the home of a Southern gentleman who is remiss on his payments, and there he is rushing to Fort Worth after a Mr. Thompson who has disappeared and whose wife, worse luck, is too ill to receive a summons from the local sheriff, and we finally take leave of him thumbing through the Martindale-Hubbell Law Directory to find a lawyer who is willing to sue another lawyer. It still isn't easy to get a dollar for fifty cents.

A Constant Woman

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

Portrait in Brownstone, by Louis Auchincloss. *Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.*

The simplest truths are the most consoling: one of them is that New York will always have a past, together with writers consumed with nostalgia for lost days, lost manners. Henry James and Mrs. Wharton—even Washington Irving—looked back at things that were gone, and we have become accustomed to look back at these writers who are also gone, in this way obtaining a doubled effect of remoteness, looking down a corridor of mirrors endlessly reflecting the image of lost elegance and virtue. The past, however, need not be distant nor the authors dead. The story in *Portrait in Brownstone* takes place between 1900 and 1950. A time comes when the inhabitants of the brownstone houses on Fifty-third Street are carried to parties or to Wall Street in automobiles and people dance to the radio, but the burden of the novel is unchanged from earlier days: the traditional virtues crumble; dreadful new men, dreadful new women, rebellious children default and are punished. In some fifty years or so, another author—with, one hopes, talents as delightful as those of Mr. Auchincloss—assuredly will substitute the great balconied blocks of Manhattan or Imperial Houses, the dizzy height of Tower East, for the brownstones, and will then retrace the history of another family from its solid, early days in luxury co-operatives or apartment hotels to its dispersal and, again, with only the decor changed, a solitary lady in a penthouse will

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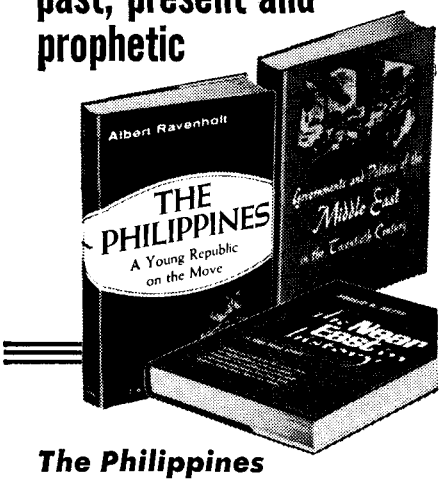
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try her best to hold things together.

Ida Trask was not a pretty girl; her cousin Geraldine was irresistible, also greedy. Derrick Hartley proposed to Ida before he met Geraldine. That is to say he kissed Ida in the Metropolitan Museum, and in those faraway days a kiss was as good as a promise. He had come to New York single-mindedly determined to become a partner in Tremain & Dodge, investment brokers, and Ida was Mr. Tremain's favorite niece. A marriage with Ida was, at the very least, suitable, but when Derrick saw Geraldine he dropped Ida. There was another man. Geraldine married the other man. Derrick returned to Ida and had to wait a number of years before possessing Geraldine. By that time, he was unwilling to break up his family and he set her up in a fine apartment. When Geraldine realized that she could not get Derrick away from Ida, she took to drink, saved her honor by refusing to be a "kept woman," and eventually, to everyone's relief, jumped out a hotel window.

Ida put up with all this and with a great deal more that it would be unjust and profitless to summarize. When her father was dying, he had said to her: "In life you can be a leader or you can be led. It doesn't make much difference which you choose, as long as you *do* choose. . . . If you married Derrick, for example, *he* would always be the leader." Ida chose to be led. But not to give in. She accepted the life imposed on her by Derrick's ruthlessness but she saw it as life itself, not as a special life which one could exchange for another, more agreeable. Her tradition laid down the law that a woman must do her best under chosen or not chosen circumstance, that circumstance was irrelevant. She chose to be led, but not away from duty, not away from love—the two were the same.

SUCH VIRTUE, such ultimate serenity and, in the end, so final and secret a triumph of personality over the accidents of life, is commonly credited to the efficacy of tradition, and sometimes even to what is called the aristocratic tradition. No such a narrow attribution can be made. Virtue may survive the acquisition of wealth and privilege as it may the loss of favored social position. It exists before the rise and fall of classes, and survives them. With the brownstones gone, the tradition of virtue flourishes in the lower East Side just as vigorously as in farmlands of Iowa. The story of Ida is simply the story, movingly retold, of the good woman of all times.

The Pretenders

Ah, undine, the swimmer may not have a soul,
But, alive, alone, he would give it there,
Largesse of the sun's most rightful heir—
No one is quite impoverished who wants to make another whole.

None but the innocent in a disordered universe
Derive much pleasure from the repetitious fact
That they are nothing but physique and sensual act:
Even the Sun-King's son acquires the notion of a curse.

But in the counter-notion of undine
The bright stored strength and aimless blood
May find a way to complementary good
As though a figment of desire may be just what we mean.

Undine, to all self-judging divers, young, slender,
You are the thing they give into the pool
And take from it when they come up beautiful,
Trim and restored, impassioned by surrender.

—CHARLES EDWARD EATON

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THE VIKING PRESS
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The Wesker Twist

JOHN ROSSELLI

LONDON

EVERY WEEKDAY NIGHT this summer, several hundred Englishmen have listened in silence to a crashing rendition by a military band of "God Save the Queen"—and have stayed in their seats. In a country where the national anthem is played perhaps more often than in any other, and where some iron patriots rise even when it comes over the radio, to make a theater audience remain seated is a thundering stroke of showmanship. The anthem brings down the curtain on Arnold Wesker's *Chips with Everything*, an indictment of the class system that gives the audience's feelings an extra twist by making the national anthem comment sarcastically on the people on stage—rank upon rank of young Royal Air Force conscripts, all of them broken in the struggle to live together as equals.

Chips is the most exciting piece of theater in London just now, as solid a hit with the mixed West End public as it was when first tried out on the dedicated audience at the Royal Court in Chelsea. But is it much more than that? Does it ring true as a parable of England's stratified society? These questions have to be asked all the more searchingly because Wesker is the most overtly political-minded of the young English playwrights who have come forward in the last few years.

At thirty, Wesker, a former restaurant cook and the child of an actively left-wing family from the East End, has had five plays performed, three of them making up a trilogy, and all of them socialist marching songs directed against the state of the world and of England in particular. At a time when England is beginning to look for more radical policies after eleven years of Tory rule but shows little interest in socialism, Wesker is something of a throwback, an old-fashioned idealistic socialist, vague about economics and closer to William Morris than to Marx. He has spent a month in prison for his part in organizing civil-disobedience demonstrations against nuclear weapons. Now he is completely wrapped up in a project called Center 42, which he has brought into being by tireless lobbying; its aim is to bring together the trade unions and the arts and it will make a start this month by putting on festivals run for and partly by the ordinary people of six industrial towns.

THOUGH all of Wesker's plays have stirred up much public discussion, *Chips with Everything* is the first to succeed in the West End. It

also shows by far the greatest theatrical cunning. Perhaps because of this it shows up more clearly than its predecessors the gaps in Wesker's imagination.

For much of its length, *Chips* is outwardly a jangling version of a kind of play very dear to British hearts, the service farce. It opens with a group of young men walking gingerly into the RAF station, suitcases in hand. Soon they are being barked at by their NCO—"My name is Corporal Hill, I'm not a very happy man, I don't know why," he bellows—and start banging out drill movements all over the stage, from right turn to slope arms and from

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THE REPORTER Acrostickler No. 61

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.

A. 144 52 198 24 2 64 30 180 224
"The _____ in Spain falls mainly on the _____." "My Fair Lady" (4,5).

B. 96 132 192 210 18 A kind of bucket celebrated in a famous American song.

C. 10 184 32 68 78 86 148 152 216 200
The residence of the lord with a demesne for which a court-baron was held (5,5).

D. 54 14 208 74 90 110 194 130 104
To subvert or weaken insidiously.

E. 146 58 164 134 In the Navy, the kind of officer who can exercise command.

F. 182 136 20 142 100 70 62
The propulsive power plant for Roman warships.

G. 140 214 76 6 88 196 98 44 126 204
The term popularly and erroneously applied to Yeoman Warders at the Tower of London.

H. 72 80 102 150 112 154 206 16
An acquired privilege or right one person may have in the land of another.

I. 34 174 138 84 A plate or thin piece of fired clay.

J. 162 168 220 8 36 122 60
One of the important exports of the Acrostician's country.

K. 114 26 28 124 188 12 158 46 172
A poisonous seed of an Asiatic tree (3,6).

L. 48 166 222 170 92 One of the regions of Circle IX in Dante's Inferno.

M. 56 42 190 A grandchild (Scottish).

N. 212 178 50 202 4 176 Shaky, wobbly.

O. 218 82 128 38 A kind of frost.

P. 94 22 156 116 Cans.

1	2 A	3	4 N	5	6 G	7	8 J	9	10 C	11	12 K	13	14 D	15
16 H	■	18 B	■	20 F	■	22 P	■	24 A	■	26 K	■	28 K	■	30 A
31	32 C	33	34 I	35	36 J	37	38 O	39	■	41	42 M	43	44 G	45
46 K	■	48 L	■	50 N	■	52 A	■	54 D	■	56 M	■	58 E	■	60 J
61	62 F	63	64 A	65	■	67	68 C	69	70 F	71	72 H	73	74 D	75
76 G	■	78 C	■	80 H	■	82 O	■	84 I	■	86 C	■	88 G	■	90 D
91	92 L	93	94 P	95	96 B	97	98 G	■	100 F	101	102 H	103	104 D	105
■	■	■	■	110 D	■	112 H	■	114 K	■	116 P	■	■	■	■
121	122 J	123	124 K	125	126 G	■	128 O	129	130 D	131	132 B	133	134 E	135
136 F	■	138 I	■	140 G	■	142 F	■	144 A	■	146 E	■	148 C	■	150 H
151	152 C	153	154 H	155	156 P	157	158 K	159	■	161	162 J	163	164 E	165
166 L	■	168 J	■	170 L	■	172 K	■	174 I	■	176 N	■	178 N	■	180 A
181	182 F	183	184 C	185	■	187	188 K	189	190 M	191	192 B	193	194 D	195
196 G	■	198 A	■	200 C	■	202 N	■	204 G	■	206 H	■	208 D	■	210 B
211	212 N	213	214 G	215	216 C	217	218 O	219	220 J	221	222 L	223	224 A	225

ACROSS

1. A sort of impulse that indicates the prick of time (4,2,3,6).
31. The insiders began it.
41. Gothic, Caledonian, and Garamond kinds.
61. Oliver Cromwell with a constant sits on this hill.
67. Characteristic of a free-for-all nor free ease (2,7).
91. What the biggest ham does when he's torn mats too! (4,4).
100. Ladies who are wide of the mark.
121. Take 150 above this kind of plant.
128. This animal can devour a mare neat, too (3–5).
151. I understand when I play the Fool in "Lear," for example (4,5).
161. Ran about in two directions and gets what he deserves.
181. A Yankee Doodle Dandy hides in calico, hand-made drapes.
187. The does I take to find help (2,4,3).
211. Signatures of VIP's?

DOWN

1. A bloodsucker in an Italian title is a poser.
3. Mythological animal with an affinity for virgins.
5. Does a normal brief mean the battle flag of St. Denis? (9,6).
7. The spirit of revolt is militant when it loses a pound.
9. Stick it. It's rude about in two points.
11. The condition of a fish on land or a chemist lacking material? (3,2,3,7).
13. Is the peer six when he dies?
15. Send flowers after tea for these samplers.
114. More flowers named for a supreme egotist.
121. Capital of the land of the Acrostician.
123. Use a posh lid with this ancient vessel (3,4).
133. It's too darn bad about that blow.
135. That is, dress where one lives.
142. Cast it out, for it's immobile.

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"Squad—SHUN!" to "RELAX! IF YOU DON'T RELAX I'LL PUT YOU ON A CHARGE!" To any Englishman who has done his national service these scenes have the authentic awfulness, half comic, half nightmarish, that he recalls now and then in the small hours—an awfulness perhaps a bit worse in a country where the services have never really accepted the notion of a citizen army.

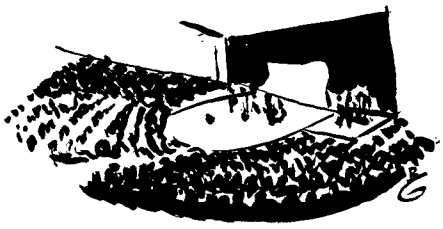
If Wesker had confined himself to taking pot shots at the absurdities of regimental life and the crowing of PT instructors ("Till the sweat pours out of you like Niagara Falls, did you hear that poetry? Niagara Falls!"), he might, with his ear for talk, have written the service farce to end all such appeals to memory. It soon becomes clear, though, that the RAF is a pretext: Wesker has chosen it because it shows, more simply than civilian life, how the individual is tamed or broken by a hierarchical society.

Among the conscripts, Pip is the only child of the ruling class, but he is in revolt against his father (an ex-general turned banker) and by extension against the officers. His relations with his more easy-going mates are prickly; he leads them in occasional defiance of the officers and in such exploits as a raid on the coal supply, but he is not one of them. As with other such leaders, what little he has seen of working-class life repels him; he recalls a sleazy East End restaurant where every item on the menu was soggy with chips, the Englishman's heavy fried potatoes. "You breed babies and you eat chips with everything," he says.

The crisis comes when he refuses to carry out bayonet drill (accompanied by the yells all armies seem to insist upon). His mates are unsympathetic; one accuses him of seeking martyrdom. From the other side an officer convinces him that, far from wanting equality with his mates, he has been trying to act as their king and messiah. He capitulates.

Until then he has insisted that he will not become an officer and has demanded instead to be an administration orderly—the lowliest of all jobs. Now he puts on officer's uniform. His mates, all but one, are posted off—they, not he, will remain administration orderlies. The exception, Smiler, the hopeless incompetent soldier that every army knows (he has a fixed smile on his face and must repeat to every officer and NCO, "It's natural, sir, I was born like that"), is fed back into the machine to be taken another step nearer to destruction; and the national anthem blares over all.

MUCH CRITICISM of *Chips* assumes that it is to be judged as a reflection, accurate or not, of British society today. This is an error but an understandable one. Wesker's earlier plays all stick to a naturalism that in its four-square, doggedly autobiographical way recalls O'Neill's short plays of the sea. Wesker's wife comes from a Norfolk farming family; so *Roots* deals with the awakening of a Norfolk farm laborer's daughter and a stage direction tells you that if you want to know what the heroine's paintings look like you should consult Mrs. Wesker's work. *The Kitchen,* in which a big restaurant kitchen stands for a world driven desperate by industrialism, gives its cast of cooks elaborate passages of mime to perform with invisible ingredients ("First bake trays of tarts prepared day before. Spread custard sauce, and then slice fruit to lay on top . . ."). The trilogy, of which *Roots* is the middle and best part, documents East End and country life almost verbatim.



Chips is different. It is a violent poster, a succession of quick bursts of movement, talk, and song with little pretense at direct imitation of life. This has not prevented a hostile critic from calling Wesker "a Blimp of the class struggle" who has not kept up with social change—"he is still flailing away blindly at an enemy who has long since popped underground, changed into mufti, and emerged as the smiling, unflappable victor of three elections."

Wesker's social observation may be a bit out of date—the England where

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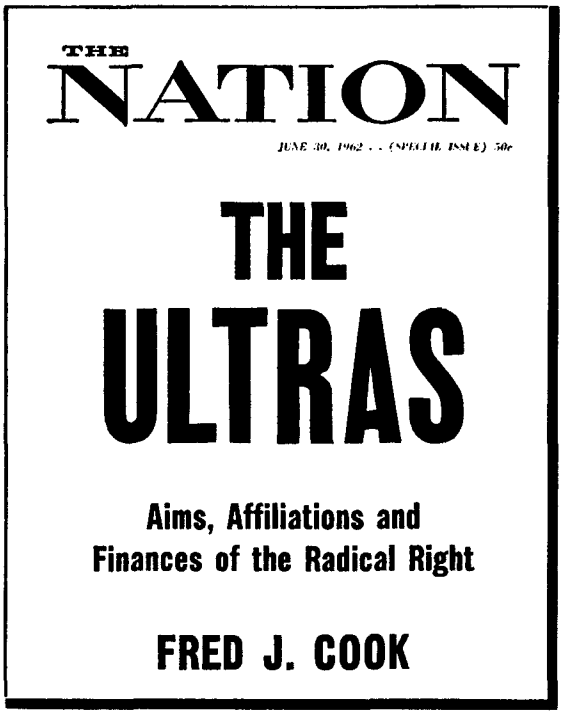

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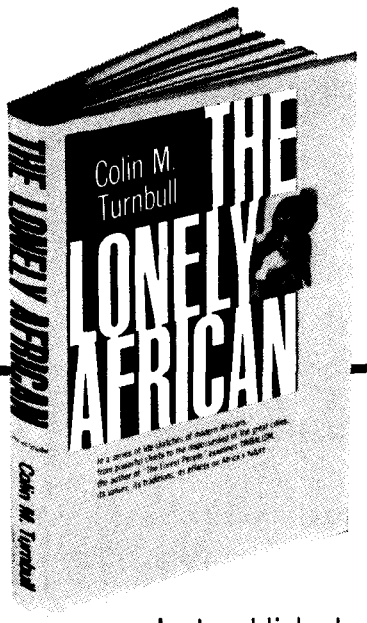

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the young of all classes now wear blue jeans may have outrun him—but not by all that much. Class division, the gulf between "we" in the ranks and "them" at the top, still runs deep; only those who experience most of life at third hand will dismiss it as nonexistent.

The real complaint against *Chips* is that Wesker's imagination fails when it takes on "them." Pip is a vivid portrait of the upper-class rebel who gets into many left-wing movements, but his moods are puzzling and his change of heart unconvincing. The officers are not meant to be characters; they are conscious scarecrows, articulate enough to utter like a refrain the motto of the ruling class: "We listen but do not hear, we befriend but do not touch you, we applaud but do not act—to tolerate is to ignore." A posterlike play can find room for puppets. But *Chips* would have been finer if Wesker has brought himself to recognize that even those most committed to "them" are human beings.

His imaginative understanding does reach as far as the struggle of young English people to speak freely with their contemporaries. Pip and Charles, a young airman, would like to be friends; they would like to learn and grow together. But they are constantly on guard; they irritate and misunderstand one another, quarrel, apologize, and, in the end, decide that it is so much easier to stick to "your own kind"—so much easier not to talk about anything serious, easier not to communicate. To an American audience these scenes might be no more than interesting. To English people they are intensely moving: they lay bare many intimate scars.

WESKER'S special talent, though, lies not in his attacks on a hierarchical society that may be as tough as he thinks but is certainly a lot more devious. Still less does it lie in his William Morris-style detestation of mass culture, which makes him want to replace Elvis Presley with fourteenth-century songs of peasant revolt. Appropriately, when one such song is performed in *Chips* as a gesture of defiance toward the officers, it makes an exciting bit of movement but the words are totally lost.

Wesker's gift, in fact, is for the side of the theater that has most to do with dance. One of the best moments in *Roots* comes when the farm girl does an awkward little dance in an attempt to show her mother what she feels on hearing Mendelssohn's Fourth Symphony. In *The Kitchen* the exasperated cooks and waitresses build up to a sort of lunch-hour ballet. His other plays, even at their crudest, are full of strong stage pictures. In *Chips* one of the best scenes—thanks partly to the director, John Dexter, who has put on all of Wesker's plays—is the wordless, nimble raid on the coal supply; another is the incompetent Smiler's running on one spot as he tries to flee from his tormentors. The drill movements too are dances of a kind; the play is punctuated with moments of song and collective movement. As an experience in the theater, the play that *Chips* has most in common with, flaws and all, is not some inspirational Soviet work of uplift; it is *West Side Story.*

Arriving And Departing

KEN MACRORIE

PENNSYLVANIA STATION sits heavily on its haunches along Seventh Avenue in Manhattan's West Thirties; the thirty Doric columns on the façade are dead weight. In the crowded circle of airline terminals at Idlewild, the Trans World Airlines Terminal crouches like a bird alighting. The one is huge and massive, the other small and light; both are superb buildings. They do more than house passengers; they know their place in the world and they speak it.

Nineteen sixty-two may be remembered in New York City as the year Penn Station went down and the Trans World Airlines Terminal went up. The railroad station is scheduled for demolition in December; the air terminal was dedicated May 28 and is now in use.

We live so much with meretricious

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architecture these days (the "penitentiary modern" of most universities and the orange and yellow hamburger stands vulgarly modeled on Frank Lloyd Wright's churches) that we forget what a building can be. Years ago we felt the power of Penn Station as we hurried to the trains or waited in its Great Room for someone to meet us. In the men's room there are thirty urinals in a row separated by white marble slabs, and above the entrance stairway large raised letters proclaim in gold: MEN'S LAVATORY. One feels important going to the toilet there. The inner court, near the trains, displays the open ironwork of columns and arches vaulted in glass common to European railroad stations of the nineteenth century. Honest as a butcher shop, but not without an occasional delightful embellishment, like the iron candelabra or the toy-like signs at the train gates, with their cupola tops, their miniature Roman corner columns, their Pennsylvania System-red signboards carrying numbers, all framed in metal painted a delicate grayish tan. Below, on a projecting separate signboard facing two ways, the name of the train: BROADWAY LIMITED.

On both sides of the station, taxi ramps slope down between the great columns and the side of the building: high and wide and deeply shadowed. Two bridges vaulting in air take passengers from the station to Thirty-first or Thirty-third Street. Inside, the giant stairways leading to those doors are topped by a huge arch. They are only side doors, but grand enough for Cleopatra's exit.

The Great Room towers in soot-darkened ecru walls up to vaulted arches studded with hexagons. From the high windows the sun's rays angle sharply down as through clouds. The mellow grimed walls and ceiling enclose vastness which tones to a murmur the voices of hundreds and muffle their scurrying steps. The space high up is continuous with the space in which a man stands. Nothing breaks it. Perhaps we feel scaled down by the presence of Penn Station, but I remember before I was married looking up the escalator and stairs leading to the entrance hall and thinking how all that air, swimming

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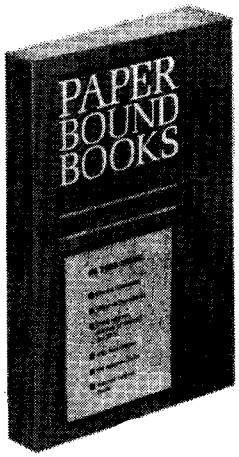

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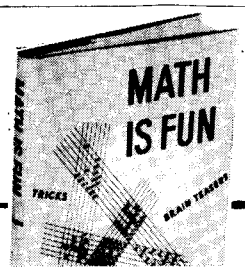

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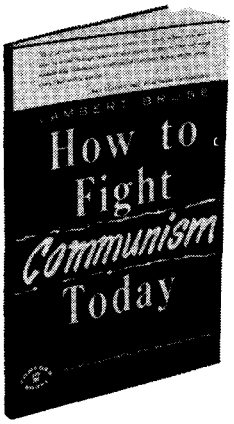

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Acrostician—

ROGER M. BLOUGH

with reflected notes, would stand behind her when she came down those stairs.

And beyond the main stairs, the entrance hall. I can hear a builder of tract housing projects saying to Charles McKim, the architect—if he were here—that it is a lot of wasted space. The first time I hurried through its high length flanked by restaurants and shops, eager to burst out to the towering city I had never seen, I resented it. Now I know that the corridor heightened my anticipation. Everything in Penn Station is high and everything heightens. No architect in his right feelings would have designed it so that the Great Room opened directly onto the street. Both the city and the room demand a preparation, a few minutes of walking before the mysteries come upon one.

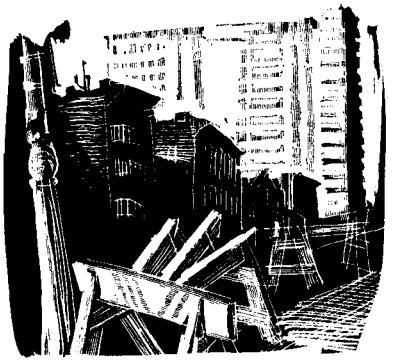
FLANKING the central clock of Penn Station at the top of the main entrance are six stone eagles, bold and strong. The Trans World Terminal is itself an eagle, its thin beak leaning over the roadway above the supports of its legs, which are continuous with its wings. This is no metaphor: a look at the building from a forty-five-degree angle and one sees that Eero Saarinen, its architect, set out to build a bird and succeeded in locating the line between suggestion and ridiculous representation.

One reason why American builders have desecrated our landscape with public structures that look like factories is that the box is safe; the curve is perilous. When I first entered the Trans World Terminal, I feared seasickness from the motion of the interesting curves. But after a few moments of walking around, I began to sense the counterpoise, the balance.

Penn Station stems from American official buildings and the Roman tradition. The Trans World Terminal stems from the works of contemporary architects like Le Corbusier of France and Nervi of Italy, masters of the curve in concrete. Like a true eagle, this building is all curves and muscle, no right angles. Built of reinforced concrete, its exterior surface pressed in uneven ridges suggesting wild clapboarding (I saw a woman curiously, then fondly, touching it with her palm), the whole structure swoops and turns and rises and creates holes like the sculpture of Constantin Brancusi and Henry Moore. The great vertical-faced mushroom-like schedule board rises out of the floor and undulates above the information girl three times her height. By itself that signboard, which flows into the floor and desk, would establish any building as worth seeing.

Airplanes do not dirty a station the way trains do. This interior is pearl gray, the floor a neat terrazzo of circular pieces smaller than a dime, off-white with specks of black in them. The ceilings are a textured cement-plaster. Even under dark skies evident through the great windows, the interior glows softly white.

At Penn Station the pedestrian bridges over the taxi ramps swing beautifully through great space, but few persons see them in the sooty darkness. Saarinen built his upcurving bridge across the center of his



air space, above the shallow main stairs, where everybody has to see it. And instead of the usual square corridors out to the planes, he fashioned a tunnel, the pronounced curve of its walls a masterpiece of chiaroscuro in indirect light. It moves up in a slow rise to a point halfway along its length and then down. As an elongated cave it beckons to the wondering child in all of us. Just inside the main door on each side extend the ticket counters and the baggage platforms, surprising and at the same time calming in their lines, their lighting, and their quiet. Above the curving ticket corridor hangs on fine wires one long white fluorescent tube that floats its way above the counter. On it are plastic slides holding the window numbers and words of information. All these signs are

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one architectural element. Elsewhere in the terminal, oval-shaped white signs hang from the ceiling, evident but not blatant, repeating what must be called the theme of this building, which is *curve*. The terminal is small but its space is enclosed with an exquisite calculation of freedom.

Speaking of the architectural handling of signs reminds me that my earlier description of Penn Station applied to its past. Now it is monstrously decked with signs and advertising, sample automobiles in the lobby, giant baffle board rising out over the waltzing ticket counters —all wrecking the continuity of the original space. Maybe the station has reached a point of debauchery beyond recall.

ONE TERMINAL serves great lumbering chains of vehicles; the other serves relatively small single craft that fly higher than birds. Fittingly, the dedicatory plaques in each differ. In Penn Station part of the gigantic brass inscription in Roman capitals reads:

"The construction of the tunnel extensions was begun June 10th, 1903. The two tunnels under the North River and the four tunnels under the East River were built by shields driven from each side of the respective rivers and union was completed by the junction of the last tube on the following dates: North River Tunnels, October 9th, 1906. East River Tunnels, March 18th, 1908. These were the first tunnels for standard railroad trains constructed under these rivers. The construction of the New York Station building was begun May 1st, 1904, and trains were first operated from it on regular schedule September 8th, 1910."

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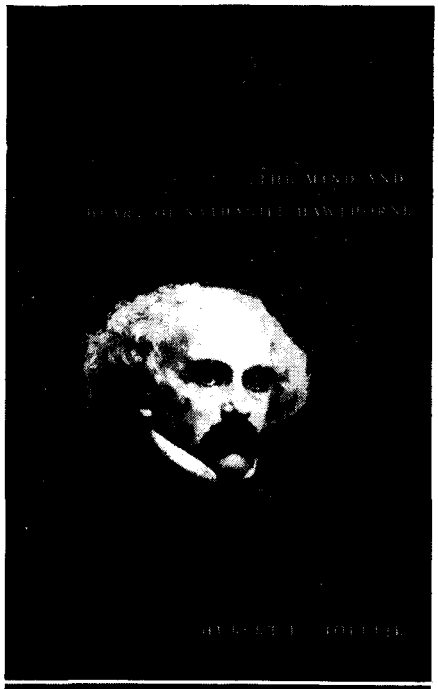

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RECORD NOTES

THE RAY CHARLES STORY. (*Atlantic* 2-900, *$7.96.*)

The country's most valuable recording property is singer-pianist Ray Charles, who first began to savor renown on the Atlantic label by means of his urgent short stories in stylistic blend of blues and [illegible] music. Charles has since moved on to the bigger, blander ABC-Paramount company, and he has apparently stopped writing his own tunes. Now he is heard with large orchestras in all manner of widely negotiable material from pop standards to country-and-western laments. In his new and even more profitable setting, Charles is still an arresting, intensely personal performer; but his best work so far remains the hungrier, leaner recordings he made for Atlantic, most of them with jagged small combos. This two-pocket Atlantic album assembles twenty-nine of those hoarsely memorable evocations of basic love play from 1952 to 1959. Included are such celebratory shouts as "I've Got a Woman" and "Hallelujah, I Love Her So," along with a serenely resilient instrumental, "Sweet Sixteen Bars." Toward the end of those seven Atlantic years, the first signs of string backgrounds appear, but they are not yet as saccharine as many of the ABC-Paramount scores were to become. Ray Charles may eventually tire of the gilded conservatism of his current mentors, but until he does, this collection will serve as the definitive single set by this uniquely expressive secular preacher.

THE BLUES MAN: JOHN LEE HOOKER. (*Battle* 6113, *$3.98.*)

There is no blues singer in the land who would not like to emulate the Ray Charles trajectory and expand his audience by any means possible from the use of whispering strings to bagpipes—if the latter were suddenly adopted by teen-agers. Some bluesmen, however, are so immovably archaic and ethnically "pure" because of background and circumstances that no such change is possible. Mississippi-born John Lee Hooker has always been instantly identifiable as a raw product of the Delta; and although he has picked up enough city habits to have had a Negro rhythm and blues following from time to time, his voice is unlikely ever to bring him a private airplane, one of Ray Charles's rewards of success. Hooker, however, is one of the most compelling survivors of his earthy genre. His moaning and humming have overtones of the earliest field hollers which antedated the blues, and his lyrics tell elemental stories of lust, loss, and wandering. There is even a political tune, "Democrat Man," which expresses a rather ingenuous faith in the immutable humanitarianism of the Democratic Party. Throughout, providing a somber and often bitter commentary, is Hooker's fiercely unsentimental guitar.

NEGRO BLUES AND HOLLERS FROM THE ARCHIVE OF FOLK SONG. (*The Library of Congress Music Division Recording Laboratory,* AFS L59, *$4.50.*)

Even more primitive than John Lee Hooker are the blues singers and ecstatic religious congregations collected in this Library of Congress documentary, edited by Marshall W. Stearns. The recordings were made in 1941 and 1942 by Alan Lomax as part of a study in depth of the Mississippi Delta that he undertook in collaboration with Fisk University. Lomax not only found such broodingly penetrating rural blues bards as Son House and Willie Blackwell, but he was able to preserve several actual camp and cornfield hollers. As old as slavery, these were unaccompanied open-air confrontations with the elements by workers who sang to remind themselves that they were indeed human rather than machines. The hollers were also sometimes used as a private language of communication with similarly grim colleagues in neighboring fields.

The album reveals furthermore

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the explosive releasing of emotions that was possible in the church services after hours. "I'm a Soldier in the Army of the Lord" and "I'm Gonna Lift Up a Standard for My King" were recorded in Mississippi churches, and these tracks come violently alive through the unfettered handclapping and the raspingly ferocious singing of worshipers who lost for a while the loneliness and desperation with which they filled their hollers. An accompanying booklet contains complete texts.

BUCK CLAYTON WITH BUDDY TATE: BUCK & BUDDY BLOW THE BLUES. (*Prestige/Swingville* 2030, *$4.98.*)

There are few more pleasurable—and rare—phenomena in any style of jazz than a fully integrated rhythm section. Even among postgraduate jazzmen, there are many different ways of feeling the beat; and if any one member of an anchor team is at slight variance with his associates, a nervous stutter rather than an evenly flowing pulsation can be the rhythmic result. Easeful fluidity is especially vital in swing-era jazz; and the fusion here of pianist Sir Charles Thompson, bassist Gene Ramey, and drummer Gus Johnson is a model definition of the verb "to swing." Gently but firmly spurred by this triumvirate, trumpeter Buck Clayton and tenor saxophonist Buddy Tate (also doubling on clarinet) provide superior illustrations of spare, passionately logical improvisation. Neither Clayton nor Tate is in vogue among the restless young, but to older listeners who remember their work with the floating Count Basie band of twenty years ago, it is both heartening and saddening to hear how substantially they have matured. It's heartening because both have developed that stamp of authority which marks the tested craftsman in any field, and saddening because their consistently high level of performance these days is enjoyed by only a very small audience. Inevitably, there will be a turnabout in jazz fashion, and recordings such as this one will be "rediscovered" as nearly flawless examples of their kind. But by then Clayton, Tate, and their hugely relaxed rhythm section are not likely to be around to benefit from the hosannas. —NAT HENTOFF

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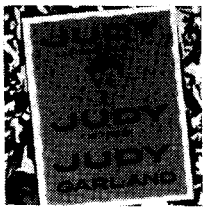

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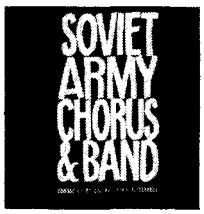

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